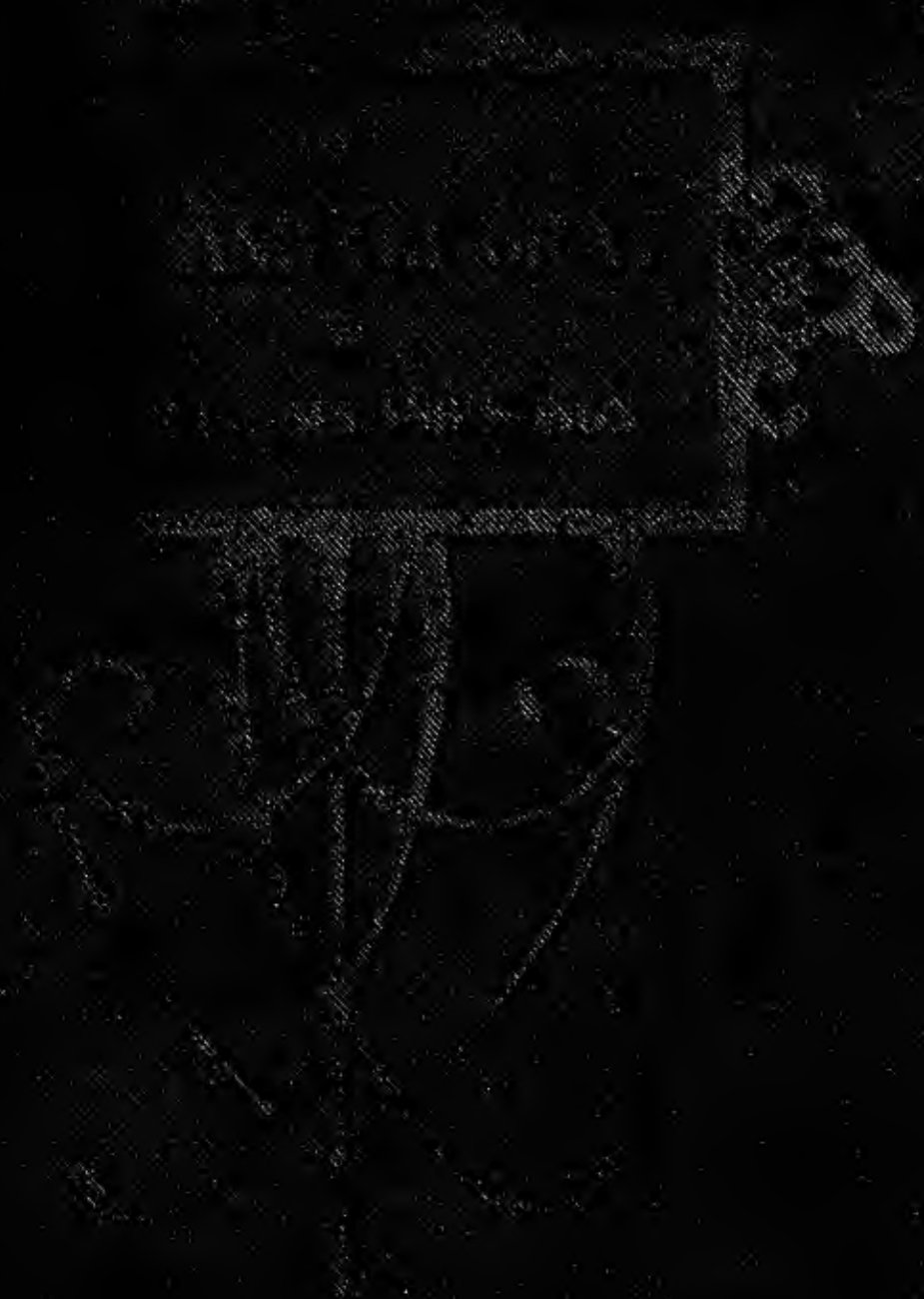


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JA Cunningham

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

AND OTHER POEMS AND SONGS

BY

JOE ANDERSON CUNNINGHAM

THE PREACHING DRUMMER

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JOE A. CUNNINGHAM.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

There is a tradition that far back in the early ages of Scotland one of its many little kings had a special farmer friend whose given name was "Ham." At one time a rebellion was in his realm, and the king was about to be captured by his enemies; so he made his way to the farm of his friend, Ham, who at the time was piling his hay into haystacks. Upon being told by the king the state of affairs, Ham hid the king under one of his haystacks; and when the pursuers came, he told them that the king had been there, but had disappeared. They continued their pursuit in the direction they had been going; and when they were fully out of sight, Ham had his friend, the king, to come out from under the hay and take his course in safety. This *cunning trick of Ham*, becoming known, caused him to be called "*Cunning Ham*," and in course of time his family were all called "Cunninghams."

Such is the traditional origin of the peculiar name, "Cunningham." It is certainly a name of Scotch origin. Allen Cunningham, of Scotland, was a poet and an author at an early day. It is also certain that a portion of the family settled in Ireland at an early period. My great-grandfather

came from Ireland and settled in Virginia during the first settlements of this country. My grandfather, Samuel Cunningham, came west from Virginia, and settled on the Upper Cumberland River, when that country was a wilderness, in what is now Jackson County. He reared a large family, most of whom were sons, and they all (except my father, James G. Cunningham) went farther west, and settled in Arkansas about the time I was born, in 1843. They all prospered, and were *well fixed* when the Civil War began. Uncle Davidson Cunningham was a Confederate Congressman, while Uncle Anderson Cunningham and Uncle William Cunningham were Confederate officers under General Price. After the close of the war, my father and a young man named "White" stopped and spent the night with a wealthy farmer in one of the best parts of Arkansas. The next morning the old farmer allowed White to pay for staying overnight, but refused to take anything from my father because his name was "Cunningham." Upon inquiry, they learned that Uncle William Cunningham and his men had, during the latter portion of the war, destroyed a company of thieving jayhawkers of the Federal Army that had infested the neighborhood of this old farmer. Of course he was delighted to meet a brother of the man who had done the neighborhood so much good.

My father having never left grand old Tennes-

see. I was, therefore, reared in the good old county of Jackson, among the hills of the Upper Cumberland country. My father was a successful farmer, merchant, and stock trader; and I was brought up to understand these things. I remember one incident, that happened when I was about twelve or thirteen years old, that is worth relating: My father and my only older brother, P. D. Cunningham, both had to attend court. I was the only one that could be left to run the store. My father did a large crediting business, most heads of families at that time having the benefits of credit. There was an unreliable character in the neighborhood, who, seeing my father and brother going to town, conceived the idea of coming to our store to see if he could not beat the little boy clerk out of something. Well, he came, and reported that Mr. Philip Spears (one of my father's regular customers) had sent him to get twenty-five dollars' worth of goods. I asked him for his order to this effect. He said that Mr. Spears was not where he could write an order at the time, but said for me to let him have the goods, and it would be all right. I hesitated a long time, but finally the man overpersuaded me. I sold him the twenty-five dollars' worth of goods, and charged them to Mr. Philip Spears, by Mr. —, through verbal order. After the man had been gone about an hour, I got so uneasy that I went and told my mother what I had done, and that I feared

the man had misrepresented the matter. She thought so, too; so I at once closed the store, saddled a horse, and went first to see Mr. Spears. Finding that he had given no such verbal order, I at once followed the man to his home, which was many miles away, and informed him that he had got the goods under false pretense, and that the debt must be at once paid to me, or secured. He found the little boy clerk so hot after him that he secured the claim; and I rode home late in the night, feeling that my father could not scold me, and he did not. I relate this incident to show a thing that is characteristic of the Cunninghams in general. They are a go-ahead people; I never knew a lazy Cunningham. There are many character qualities that seem universally found among them. All are natural mechanics, fearless, and brimful of energy; hence, I think all are akin, and that there is possibly some truth in the old Scotch tradition regarding the origin of the family name.

In my father's family there were nine children. I was the middle one—the hinge, so to speak—of the family, having three sisters and one brother older than myself, and one sister and three brothers younger. When the war came, I was at school at Bloomington, Putnam County, and had finished a good education, except Latin and Greek; and, as I intended to be a preacher, I expected to master these languages. But my

brother P. D. Cunningham, went into the Twenty-eighth Tennessee Confederate Infantry in 1861; and although I was over four years younger than he and quite a boy, I followed him into the army. He became adjutant of the regiment, while I became assistant commissary and general clerk at headquarters. We were together at Fishing Creek and at Shiloh. He finally became colonel of the regiment, and was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, on Friday evening. His remains were brought home—to the old farm, on Jennings' Creek, in Jackson County—by one of his men, Brison Draper, and his burial took place on the old homestead. He was possibly the youngest colonel in the Confederate Army, and was greatly beloved by his men. My health failing, I was released from the army after the battle of Shiloh. I afterwards attached myself to the command of Colonel Hamilton as a scout; later he gave me authority to form and equip a company of cavalry behind the Federal lines of the Upper Cumberland. I was engaged in this work when captured, in the fall of 1863. At that time my company had been about half completed and officered, and we were in active service, meeting and making raids against jayhawkers and thieves. I made an effort to stop all raiding into Kentucky from the Upper Cumberland counties for purposes of plunder, and came near having a personal encounter with Captain Richardson, who was

leading a band of straggling Kentuckians engaged largely in this kind of business. I told him that I abandoned the attempt solely because I had not sufficient force to carry out the design. His squadron was afterwards commanded by the famous Magruder. On November 19, 1863, I went home with my brother-in-law, Capt. Nathan Walker, of Colonel Hamilton's command. While there we were surrounded at night by a company of Federal cavalry on a raid in that country, and, after a terrific little fight, we were overpowered, captured, and sent to Camp Chase, O., where my brother-in-law died of smallpox. I was sent from Camp Chase, with Morgan's officers, to Fort Delaware, where I was kept until the war closed.

In the month of June, 1865, I returned to Tennessee, where I formed the acquaintance of the sweet poetess, Miss Jennie Jones, of Buffalo, and we were married in January, 1868. We first lived at Gainesboro a short time, when financial conditions caused me to buy my father-in-law's farm, on Buffalo River, in Humphreys County. After living on the farm for two years, I found that my health was likely to break down; so I went to Nashville and began traveling commercially, and have continued doing so ever since. I moved to Louisville, Ky., where my wife became well and favorably known as "the sweet poetess of the Courier-Journal, Mrs. Jennie Jones Cunningham." After

having been confined to her bed for many years, she died in January, 1891, and we laid her to rest in Cave Hill Cemetery. ¹⁹⁰⁴ I am still on the road in a commercial capacity, and am also writing and preaching in the cause of truth generally, and especially for original Christianity.

I have given this sketch by request.

JOE A. CUNNINGHAM.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Come, all the world, and hear our lay!
We'll sing about the Blue and Gray.
No braver men e'er trod the earth;
No braver can be given birth.
Yes, come, old comrades of the Blue!
We have kind words to say to you,
Though we were on the other side
In our great wrangle and divide.
Come, comrades of the warlike Gray,
And listen to the truth to-day
About our great internal war
That spread destruction near and far!
Come, comrades of the North, as true
As ever warlike weapon drew!
Come, comrades of the South, as bold
As ever drew a sword of old!
We'll fraternize in peace to-day,
And give to love its rightful sway,
And grieve our mother States "fell out"
And raised the fam'ly war cry, shout—
Yes, grieve we ever had a war,
With great destruction, near and far,
Between ourselves for four long years,
That must have caused a billion tears.
And 'twas to fix by act of might,

Regardless of just what was right,
A thing that should, by legislation,
Have been adjusted by our nation—
A thing that Jefferson and Clay
Desired to settle in their day,
So that our grand old ship could move
Her onward course through waters smooth.
But all their plans, this end to gain,
Our leading men would not sustain,
And so they died; and many more
Like-minded men have gone before,
All seeing trouble for our nation,
If not removed by legislation,
Since traffic in mankind, as brutes,
Can bring no other kind of fruits
But evil—evil all the way,
From earthly time to judgment day.
O, what regret more men of pow'r
Did not at such an early hour
Perceive the breakers in the fore
And guide our ship more near the shore
Of safety, justice, peace, and right—
The shore of righteousness and light—
So that our war could not have come!
Our States could all have been as one
United band—all bound together
By love of all, one for another;
For we are all Americans,
Though gathered from all other clans

Of white men round the grand old earth.
We love the land that gave us birth,
And all are truly loving brothers,
Though loyal to our grand old mothers,
The States from which we all came forth—
Some lying South, some lying North—
And all regret our States divided
And leading men on war decided.
So we were led to choose a side
In that great wrangle and divide
Our leading men forced on our nation,
In spite of all pacification;
And we were caused, though good and true,
To don the Gray or don the Blue.
It was a thing of local sway
That made us dress in Blue or Gray
And march in bands to fight each other,
Sometimes a brother 'gainst a brother.
But now our States, all hand in hand,
Again as States united stand;
And when our mother States unite,
And say, "Dear sons, no longer fight,
But be at peace with all our kin,"
To not obey would be a sin.
Hence, soldiers all, we will obey,
And love and peace shall have full sway
O'er all old comrades, Gray and Blue;
And still we'll live to dare and do
Our best for all things that are right—

Yes, live to be amidst the fight
To banish from our homes and lands,
To banish from our hearts and hands,
All things that tend to build up strife,
All things that mar the sweets of life,
All things that tend to draw apart,
All things that break a loving heart;
No longer wave the bloody shirt,
No longer throw a lump of dirt,
No longer show an angry mind,
No longer speak a word unkind;
But cast from us—away, away!—
All evil things that round us play.
Away with hate! Away with strife!
Away with ev'ry sin of life!
Away with ev'ry lordly brag!
Away with ev'ry kind of nag!
Away with all kinds of abuse!
Away with ev'ry poor excuse
To hold aloof from union true
Of Southern Gray and Northern Blue!
And let us be a peaceful band,
As pilgrims to the heav'nly land,
Forgiving as we'd be forgiven,
So all may reach a home in heaven—
No longer Blue, no longer Gray,
But all in white at judgment day.

On Southern fields the Blue and Gray
Marched out in battle-formed array;
And host on host of noble forms
Were there destroyed by raging storms
Of war's destructive, fiery breath
Through thousand thousands arms of death.
For four long years we fought and bled,
And strewed the ground with blood-stained dead;
In mixture lay the Blue and Gray,
Mementos of our dreadful fray—
Some killed by ball; some torn by shell;
Some pierced by steel before they fell;
Some wounded badly, slowly dying;
Some wounded less, for water crying.
But still our cannons thundered louder;
And still the cry, "More balls and powder!"
While fiery lines ablaze like hell
Swayed to and fro and clashed pellmell.
Sometimes the Blue would give away,
Sometimes it was the fiery Gray;
But whether one or whether other,
They formed again when under cover;
And then the fight would start anew
Between the warlike Gray and Blue.
Sometimes the Gray would give a yell
And charge the Blue like fiends of hell;
And like a great gun's fiery breath,
They sowed their pathway well with death.
But still somewhere the Blue would form

On vantage ground and breast the storm;
And on and on, with charge and shout,
The Blue and Gray were both worn out
On many a well-contested field,
And neither side was made to yield;
But one or other moved away,
To get more ready for the fray.
Such was the fighting, comrades true,
Of all old soldiers, Gray and Blue.
So let the laurel wreaths abide
In equal numbers to each side;
And if each soldier of the Blue
Be crowned and wreathed as good and true,
Each soldier of the fiery Gray
Will have two wreaths to give away,
For Gray had one where Blue had three;
Blue won by numbers, then, you see.
So when the Blue are heard to say,
“We whipped you, Southern fiery Gray,”
The Gray may say: “O, no, brave Blue!
We were worn out by whipping you.”
But, comrades all, both sides were bold
As soldiers great in days of old;
And Uncle Sam has learned since then
To use his Southern fiery men,
In deeds of valor, great and true,
As well as heroes of the Blue—
All fighters at the sunny South,
All fighters at the frozen North,

All heroes of a common land!
All *now* at Uncle Sam's command.
And here to-day we meet again
And sorrow o'er our brothers slain,
And here in peace confession make:
Our war was one immense mistake,
That might with ease have been prevented,
Had leaders been with right contented;
But when some would resort to might,
It brought about our bloody fight.
Thank God! the Blue and fiery Gray
Now meet on Decoration Day.
Yes, mothers South and mothers North,
Your sons again oft sally forth
And meet on many a battlefield.
But not a gun, nor sword, nor shield,
Is seen among the bands to-day;
They meet to love, they meet to pray,
And ev'ry one to greet the other,
As brother loves to greet a brother.
Thank God! such love abounds to-day.
Thank God! we're not in war's array.
Thank God! we are a band of knights
That will defend our country's rights
Against all wrongs that may arise,
Through human greed or otherwise;
But, still, we wish all strife may cease
And let all nations be at peace.
And yet we pledge our hearts and hands

To stand against all foreign lands,
As well as evil combinations
Of wicked men and wicked nations,
Should they attempt to interfere
With rights our country holds most dear;
But nevermore shall wicked strife
Compel us take each other's life
And fill our land with desolation,
And Christian folks with lamentation.

O, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
What caused our awful, bloody fray?
We all are now so far from youth
That surely all will own the truth.
Our Southern men of declamation
All say, without a reservation,
The South made all the bloody fights
To save from wrong State sov'reign rights;
But not a State of all our number
E'er had such rights as sov'reign thunder,
Except the Lone Star State out West;
No other State was e'er so blest.
While speakers of the Northern Blue
All fought to save the Union true,
As when our States were first united,
Our nation born, and wrongs were righted
By force of arms 'gainst English pow'r,
That was our sov'reign till that hour.
Such are the pleas our speakers make

For Civil War, our great mistake.
And yet by war Blue took away
Full half the wealth of Southern Gray,
Without a show of legal right,
But simply as an act of might,
Most clearly showing, by such act,
The great and self-sustaining fact:
They cared not for our Constitution
Where it might cross a resolution
They had made up their minds about
And sought the pow'r to carry out;
If not, by law, an act of right,
They would resort to act of might
To bring about their great design,
And slav'ry was their countersign.
And talk of Gray 'bout sov'reign rights
Of States was merely fancy flights
Of words, to hide the trouble true
That made the Gray secede from Blue,
Which was the grand mistake the Gray
Made on that great, momentous day,
When our great nation got so hot
It boiled in anger like a pot.
Hence, comrades all, there was a cause,
A flaw within our nation's laws,
That made the slave States lightly hold
The compact made by States of old
And made the free States act as one
In pushing on that cause begun

When our Republic was a child,
And was so innocent and mild
It legalized the slav'ry trade.
'Twas then the great mistake was made
That brought about our civil strife
And all heartrending loss of life.
So, comrades brave and comrades bold,
There is no use to longer hold
The negro did not cause our war
And all destruction near and far;
For wicked men, with greed for gold,
The negro into slav'ry sold,
And found a market in our land,
And slaves became in great demand.
The system pleased the Southern Gray,
And slav'ry South was given sway;
Our fathers made our laws maintain
The right of such unholy gain.
Yet Blue, in spite of Constitution,
Made war upon the institution,
And claimed: "To sell mankind as brutes
Can bring no other kind of fruits
Than evil here and hell at last,"
Where all the South was going fast.
And churches North, with lame excuse,
Took up the slander and abuse,
And caused the people of the South
To all distrust the people North.

Hence, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Our trouble came from far away,
When our Republic was so new,
It was not known just what to do.
And so our fathers put the flaw
Of slav'ry in our nation's law ;
And though great statesmen of our nation
Suggested plans of legislation
That would have set our nation right
And cured our laws of slav'ry blight,
Yet slander and abuse so reigned
That no right measure was maintained.
In course of time our fathers North
Sold all their slaves to people South ;
And then their sons, like foolish knaves,
Abused the South for owning slaves.
Of course such conduct brought no good,
Yet made the South less understood ;
For slav'ry was an institution
Supported by our Constitution,
And not a thing without support
Outside of petty State resort.
And then that woman, Mistress Stowe,
Wrote "Uncle Tom's Log* House," you know.
A bigger lie was never told
Than that same book was made to hold.
Her object seemed to fire the North
With hatred for the sunny South.

* "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

She never seemed to understand
How much she slandered all our land.
Yet people North believed it true,
And in their anger wore the Blue
To punish all the Southern dogs,
That treated negroes worse than hogs,
According to that wicked tale
That Mistress Stowe got out for sale,
And Northern people bought and read,
Believing all the woman said;
While if the truth about the South
Could have been known throughout the North,
The Civil War would not have come;
The people would have been as one;
And Congress would, in time, have found
Some plan of good and common ground,
Whereon the North and South could stand,
Regarding slav'ry in our land—
Some kind of change in legislation,
Perhaps a wise emancipation,
Our people as a nation bearing
Such loss of wealth and in it sharing.
For Southern blacks, instead of hated,
Were treated much like folks related,
And wore with pride their owner's name,
Upbuilding all they could the same.
Were counted half among the fold,
That made the Southern home of old;
A kind of little fam'ly nation
Was ev'ry Southern "old plantation"—

Some members, black; some members, white;
But all as one amidst the fight
For all the comforts home affords,
For servants true and kindly lords.
When one was sick, white doctors came;
A white or black—'twas all the same.
White preachers preached alike to all
The story of the first man's fall,
And how a Savior from above
Came down to show Jehovah's love;
And blacks and whites were all enrolled
Together then as one church fold;
And children of both races played
Together in the woodland shade,
And had a time as good and fine
As if there'd been no color line.
Yes, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
There was a kindness at that day
Between the races in the South
Not dreamed of by the people North;
And hence the negroes all were true
To Southern homes before the Blue
Came down with war and desolation,
Deranging ev'ry old plantation.

O, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Let's all be honest here to-day.
We all admit a fearful flaw
Was placed within our nation's law,

When our Republic had its birth
Out of the throes of English earth;
But men of wisdom of our nation
Were seeking, through wise legislation,
To change our fundamental law
And rid our nation of this flaw.
Had wisdom ruled instead of might,
This change could not have caused a fight.
All now can see that Henry Clay
Saw slav'ry's danger in his day,
'And offered wisest legislation,
A kind of slow emancipation.
But Congress was then so divided
That wisest measures were derided.
The old Missouri Compromise
Was making law both good and wise;
Yet only surface legislation,
Not reaching danger in our nation.
The negro was a human being:
'Twas but a thing of time—his freeing;
'Twas bound to come through act of right,
And needed not an act of might;
For all the world agree in mind
'Tis wrong to traffic in mankind.
And yet the hosts of Northern blood
Came down in anger like a flood,
And, trampling on our Constitution,
Their will put into execution

By force, and turned the negro loose,
And, with a wicked, lame excuse,
Established carpetbagger's rule,
Which turned the negro to a fool;
And now, instead of being kind
And guided by the white man's mind,
He has become a raping beast,
And only needs to learn to feast
On human flesh to be as base
As savage monsters of his race.
But—thanks to God!—while this is true
Of negroes ruined by the Blue,
The blacks are learning day by day
The whites that love them wore the Gray.
And so at last come signs of hope
Less negroes will look up a rope;
For blacks and whites on Southern soil,
When left alone, together toil
In peace and love, and neither race
Usurps the other's proper place.
Hence, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
One problem of the present day
Is what is best we all can do,
Both Southern Gray and Northern Blue,
With negroes, since emancipation,
That menace still peace of our nation.
Let Northern Blue not shirk away
From helping those who wore the Gray
In dealing with this problem old
As time, when righteous Noah told

The race of Ham should serve the other
(Two races born of common mother),
A service not as common chattel—
All bought and sold, like hogs and cattle—
But voluntary service rendered,
For benefits in justice tendered.
Now, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Do we believe God rules to-day,
As well as in those times of old,
About which we are plainly told
In Bible records God has given
To guide us mortals home to heaven?
If so, we, then, must act aright,
According to the Bible's light,
And, by our action as a nation,
Not seek by foolish legislation
To set decrees of God aside,
Ignoring him through human pride.
The negro, then, must still remain
The bottom rail, where he has lain
Since time of old, when God decreed
That he should serve, and not be freed
From serving all his coming days,
Since such a state best suits his ways;
And 'twas an error when our nation
Called negroes into legislation.
Lawmaking is a thing too grand
For negro minds to understand,

And 'twas enough to cure the flaw
Our country had as slav'ry law.
To place the blacks upon a level
With whites was work that serves the devil;
God no such thing as this intended.
This act of law should be amended
So as to let the white man rule,
And let his wisdom be a school
To guide the black man day by day
Along his God-predicted way
Of service to the other races
More near to God in moral graces.
Such change within our legislation
Would make a great, united nation;
The white man ruling at the North,
The white man ruling at the South,
And with the flag of light unfurled,
Would rule to Christianize the world.
Yes, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Let's hope the time's not far away
When this wise change in legislation
Will have been made by our great nation,
Brought into being as a measure
All white men North and South can treasure.
Since God has shown the black man's station
Is one of service, no white nation
Should think of placing blacks in pow'r
To rule o'er whites for e'en an hour;
And had the people of the North
Felt well toward the white folks South,

This act of folly and disgrace
Would never have been given place.
And now, since negro voting brings
No good at all, but evil things,
The Northern Blue and Southern Gray
Should act together right away,
In legislation good and wise,
And take from blacks our great franchise;
And let us have a white man's nation,
With only white man's legislation.
If negroes want to have their sway
And legislate from day to day,
They have a land across the sea,
Where negro rule is wholly free.
Sometimes they kill and eat each other;
A father, mother, sister, brother,
O'er there may make a pot of meat
A savage black king loves to eat.
But what is that compared with pow'r
To legislate each day and hour,
And show the world the negro mind
Can lead the wisdom of mankind?
O, what a chance our blacks behold,
If able to a nation mold,
And civilize their own blood kin,
And turn them from the ways of sin,
And wisely legislate and rule
Without the white man's guiding school,
As many whites among the Blue
Most clearly thought our blacks could do!

Yet blacks, when left to rule and reign,
The savage state are sure to gain;
And since great God foretells their place,
It can't be changed by mortal race.
The white folks of the Sunny South
Know negroes better than the North,
And know it was bad legislation
Made negro voters in our nation;
And if the Blue will help the Gray,
Through legislation of our day,
Get rid of this disturbing flaw
In our great, fundamental law,
The negro problem will be solved,
And all the trouble it involved
Will be a thing forever past,
And peace will settle down to last.
Then people of the North will find
They did not know the negro mind
And passed an Act the most unwise
In giving blacks our great franchise.

O, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Behold the wonders of our day,
The great advancement of the hour
In ev'ry kind of thing and pow'r!
Our minds have learned to rise and stray
Along the great, white Milky Way,
And pass beyond sun after sun
To realms of systems just begun.

The wisdom of the present age
Is far beyond the dreams of sage
That lived when Adam's race was new
And learned men were very few.
God makes his changes surely, slowly;
We must be patient, meek, and lowly,
And wait the time that God has set
To bind the nations by the net
That under God we now are weaving
To hold the nations back from grieving
O'er wars and troubles caused by might,
Instead of seeking for the right.
For God has told in Revelation
That he will build ~~our~~ Christian nation,*
The fifth great empire of the world,
And, with the flag of truth unfurled,
Will rule in ev'ry land and clime
Until the end of earthly time.
And, comrades brave and comrades bold,
Our nation is the one foretold
Through which such grand results shall rise;
Our world shall be a paradise.†
So, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Our nation has come here to stay;
While Father Time shall hold his scythe,
Our nation shall exist and thrive.

* Daniel prophesying of Christ's kingdom working through human agencies, which, I think, are the United States of America and her allies in principle. † The Millennial Age.

The Spanish War and Philipines
Are only foretastes of the means
That God will put within our hands
To carry out his wise commands
And things foretold in Revelation
About the one great Christian nation
Through which our blessed Lord shall reign
A thousand years in peace,[†] and gain
The faith of Jews and all Gentiles
On cultured lands and lonely isles.

Now, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
Since all our strife has passed away,
And all is peace from shore to shore,
Our States united as before,
Let love abound from gulf to lake,
And nothing more our peace shall break.
In future let the Bible's light
Completely guide us in the right,
And let the fountains of our love
Resemble those which flow above;
And when we homeward wend our way,
Let mem'ry fair enshrine this day
And love and peace go hand in hand
From battlefields all o'er the land.
And, comrades, let us always tell
Our children how both sides fought well

* The Millennial Age.

And stood like men to dare and do
Their best for what they thought was true.
Some wore the Blue, some wore the Gray,
Because men differed at that day;
And leading men resolved to fight
And settle wrongs by act of might,
Instead of trusting legislation
To right the troubles of our nation;
And there were bad men on both sides,
Which is the case in all divides
Of human beings here below—
Divide, and Satan has a show.
John Brown men at the frozen North,
All filled with hatred for the South,
And based upon an institution
Upheld within our Constitution;
Aristocrats, with many slaves,
That treated poor folks much like knaves,
Not fit to live among the grand
Slave owners of our sunny land;
Aristocrats, with mansions fine,
Where no poor man could stop to dine;
Aristocrats that sought to sway
The Southern people of their day
Against all kinds of legislation
To wipe out slav'ry from our nation.
John Brown men, and aristocrats
Had much to do with all the acts

That brought about our bloody war
And all destruction near and far.
O, 'twas a time of toil and trouble!
O, 'twas no little moving bubble
Of storm cloud, like an April show'r—
All o'er and gone within an hour!
It was a great and woeful blunder
That brought about our cannon's thunder
And desolation, fire, and sword,
That must have grieved the blessed Lord
When looking down from realms of glory
On scenes of war and battles gory.
But Blue and Gray stood band to band,
All heroes of a common land,
And, with both battle flags unfurled,
Gained admiration of the world
For deeds of valor, great and grand.
So both as monuments shall stand
In books of future age and glory,
In scenes of future rhymes and story.
So, when we end this blessed day,
Both Blue and Gray shall go their way,
Without a stain, without a sham,
A loyal troop of Uncle Sam—
All bound and drawn one to another,
As brother loves to join a brother.
The brave seek always for the right,
And only need Jehovah's light
To guide them on the way to glory,
According to the Bible's story.

So, comrades Blue and comrades Gray,
We here will end this soldier lay:
We love you all, and wish you well,
More than our words can fairly tell,
And wish you ev'ry one may gain
A home within great God's domain—
No longer Blue, no longer Gray,
But all in white at judgment day.

SUCCESS.

I.

Success attends the man who shows
His sense by paying as he goes,
And sticking closely to his trade
Through morning sun and ev'ning shade.

2.

For when the time of death appears,
He's not o'erwhelmed by business fears—
That his estate will squandered be
By sheriff's sale and lawyer's fee.

3.

Success is not a thing of ease
That lies around loose, as you please;
But 'tis a thing requires your care
From day to day, from year to year.

4.

Success is found upon the farm,
Where judgment keeps all things from harm,
And care from field and woodland brings
To shelter all the farming things.

5.

The merchant courts it day by day,
And may persuade its grace to stay
With him as long as modest gain
Will satisfy his busy brain.

6.

But if pure greed lead him away
To deal in futures of our day,
Success will pass beyond his pow'r
In some unseen, disastrous hour.

7.

Sometimes you see it riding by
With Doctor Jones and Lawyer Bly;
But if you go to where they live,
Much time to books you'll find they give.

8.

A boy that exercises care,
And tends to all things ev'rywhere,
Will make a good, successful man,
One who will do all good he can.

9.

'Tis when a boy gets through his school,
And yet is not a puffed-up fool,
But knows he has to work to live,
Success to him its fruits will give.

10.

But if he linger round the inn
And drink with Satan's hounds of sin,
Success will never stoop to dwell
With one so near the doors of hell.

11.

With pretty girls success is found
'Most ev'rywhere the world around;
And yet it may be well enough
To have these beauties dip less snuff.

12.

Since God designed the marriage state,
'Tis right that boys and girls should mate;
But let the mating be the kind
That love and wisdom make combined.

13.

And that there be no cause to grieve,
Let not a girl wear on her sleeve
Her love for Richard, Tom, or Joe,
But when engaged, then let him know.

14.

So in this earthly time of life
Let ev'ry man sustain a wife,
And ev'ry wife an angel prove,
And then success will onward move.

15.

To be successful with the Lord
You must attend his guiding word,
And not go helter-skelter led
By mortal man, alive or dead.

16.

God must be first and all in all,
And human theories all must fall,
From those the pope sustains to-day
To all of modern thought and sway.

17.

For no religion 'neath the sun
Of human making—no, not one—
Can save our souls from hell's abyss;
God's plan to save alone does this.

18.

So, when you choose to seek the Lord,
You must be guided by his word;
No human church of modern sway
Will stand the test of judgment day.

19.

But sweet success attends the being
That daily is from evil fleeing
Along the narrow way to glory,
According to the Bible story.

20.

But woe unto the human soul
That starts to heaven as a goal
And takes a byway made by man,
Instead of God's own saving plan!

21.

And, hence, success is ev'rywhere
You find a man or woman dear
Along the pathway of the right,
Amidst the thickest of the fight.

POLITENESS.

I.

Politeness is a thing of beauty;
To use it is a mortal's duty.
'Tis ne'er too soon, 'tis ne'er too late,
This plant of grace to cultivate.

2.

Politeness pays a good percentage
And shows mankind to great advantage ;
There's nothing else so blithe and fair,
Of all the pretty things we wear.

3.

Politeness helps all human creatures
To show our best designs and features,
And is a thing so sweet and bright
'Tis well to wear it day and night.

4.

Politeness is a proof of neatness,
A certain sign of love and sweetness ;
For ev'rywhere we find this grace
We look upon a kindly face.

5.

Politeness is a means of gaining
A thousand friends, and then retaining
The love of all that learn to know
We're not polite for sake of show.

6.

Politeness is always a blessing ;
'Tis ne'er a thing we find distressing ;
For 'tis a gem that goes at par
In times of peace, in times of war.

7.

Politeness is a sheen of heaven,
A glory God to man has given,
Though living in a world of sin,
To wrap our daily conduct in.

8.

To be polite to God above us
And make the holy angels love us,
We must be guided by the word,
The Spirit's double-edged sword.

9.

To be a Christian worth attention,
One worthy of a handsome mention,
Requires politeness to the Lord,
Which is observance of his word.

10.

And yet we have denominations,
Societies, and combinations
In church; church fairs and stagelike songs;
While knowing all these things are wrongs.

11.

O, surely all these human actions,
Though proving very great attractions,
Show impoliteness to the Lord
Because not sanctioned by his word.

DEATH IS ON OUR TRACK.

Let these few lines all mortal ones remind
That death is on our track, not far behind;
Nor is there any chance for us to shun
Its cold embrace, though fast as time we run;
For Adam lost, by sin, the means to save
Our mortal bodies from an earthly grave.
The tree of life was wholly free to man
Until transgression placed it under ban.

But—God be thanked!—the Lord has gone before,
In human form, and broken death's grim door;
The resurrection is a thing assured,
Since Christ as man our human death endured.
But being God, as well as of our race,
Death could not hold him in its cold embrace;
Triumphant o'er the unseen state he rose,
A conqueror of all our mighty foes.

But still, while thus assured we'll live again,
Beyond this murky vale of toil and sin,
Our lot within the realms of boundless time,
Somewhere amid God's universe sublime,
Depends upon the choice we make to-day,
While living in this tenement of clay.

For though our spirits come from God above,
Pure as the angels and enshrined with love,

When grown to know the good, the evil shun,
'Tis known we freely into evil run ;
Our innocence becomes a thing of yore,
And guilt stands guardsman at our ev'ry door.

Why is it thus? Why do we, one and all,
So soon depart from innocence, and fall
Into the ways that have an evil trend,
Since God gives spirits with no evil bend?

Ah, 'tis the wants of this, our house of clay ;
Our fleshly wants—they cry from day to day,
And never cease to let us fully know
We all are animals while here below,
And that our danger is, the flesh may lead
Us ever in the ways of human greed.
So that our spirits, which come from above,
Are here in flesh to show what things we love,
Great God, the Father of all life and pow'r
Existing anywhere, or day, or hour ;
And things of sweetness God has freely given
To angels flying in the midst of heaven ;
Sweet things of earth, that God has loaned to stay
With spirits in the flesh till judgment day ;
Or merely things the flesh delights to use—
Such evil things as moral minds refuse,
Such things as make us mean and low and base,
The things that lead to darkness and disgrace !

And yet to please the flesh seems all in view
Of humankind, except the very few
That look beyond this wilderness of tears
For life as angels live, and endless years;
But still, while here we start to heav'n or hell,
And have not long to bid our friends farewell.

O, then, since all this earthly life must lose,
How foolish not the heav'nly life to choose,
While yet the time to us is called "to-day;"
While yet we can believe, repent, obey;
+ While yet our Savior shows his smiling face
And through the Bible calls the straying stranger
To come to him and save his soul from danger!

Christ is the Way by which we climb to bliss;
To do his will can ne'er be called "amiss."
Hence, let us cast our lot with God on high
And fix to leave this world, where all must die;
For Christ came down from heav'n to do God's will,
The cup of Heav'n-born love for man to fill.
And make a plan whereby we can be saved
From all our meanness and our ways depraved.
God's justice can be satisfied above,
And yet our sins be blotted out in love,
By means of Christ, the Way to heav'n and glory,
According to the blessed Bible story.
Salvation from the shameful course of wrong
And restoration to God's heav'nly throng,

+ While yet we have the precious plan of
grace!

From which our spirits came when we were born,
Pure as the ether and bright as the morn,
Is what God's plan of saving souls has done
For ev'ry loving and obeying one.
'Tis wonderful to men of wisest age—
Yes, wonderful to earth's sublimest sage;
E'en angels wonder at the heav'nly plan
Of God to save the sinful race of man,
Brought low by fleshly wants that know no rules,
But make our spirits be their willing tools;
And could we fly throughout the realms above,
No greater proof we'd find that God is love
Than this same plan to save our human race
From sins unending, and, foretold disgrace.

O, mortals, let us heed the gospel call
And get in shape to leave this earthly ball!
God draws us by his blessed plan of grace;
To-day we may behold his smiling face,
Through faith, if we will but his words obey
That start us forward on the great highway.
O, sinners, let us all at once comply!
We can if we will now resolve to try;
Adopted children of our God we'll be,
Assured of life through all eternity.

THE PROBLEM OF ORIGIN.

O, mortal man of Adam's sinful race,
Behold the wond'rous things before thy face—
The earth below, with all its varied show;
The heav'n above, with countless scenes aglow!

Materiality is all in motion,
And rest within its bound'ry has no portion;
For onward, onward, is the law of spheres,
As onward, onward, rolls the tide of years.

O, mortal man, canst thou presume to trace
Whence came these wond'rous things displayed in
space?

Whence came the star suns that bedeck the sky?
Whence came the planet worlds that roll on high?
Whence came the mighty hosts of heav'n and earth?
Where is the fountain head, their place of birth?
Did law of chance, from unseen mystic lore,
Produce these wond'rous things from unknown
store?

Or did an ancient, minute protoplasm
Evolve them all by lapse of time or spasm,
As infidels of modern day and thought,
Like fools, themselves have so believed and taught?

O, mortal man, let not thy judgment stray
From Revelation's golden truths away

To feed upon the husks of foolish doubt
And drift as chaff before the winds about,
As do the thoughts of infidels so wise
They cannot read God's handwrite in the skies;
For reason leads thy soul from earthly sod
And solves the problem by revealing God,
The author of the starry hosts of heav'n,
The source of all the good to man is giv'n.

PAY AS YOU GO.

I.

The Bible teaches not to owe,
But pay for all things as you go,
And keep in readiness to die,
And go to live with God on high.

2.

How few this earthly life improve
And by their daily conduct move
Along the highway of the right
That leads to realms of endless light!

4.

The millions of our humankind
Seem wholly of a worldly mind,
And act as though they had a show
To live forever here below.

3.

While death is sure and life is short,
And mortal man has no resort
To shun the change that Adam's sin
Brought on himself and all his kin.

5.

So, mortal man, why do you act
As though you did not know the fact
That you must soon lie down and die
And give account to God on high?

6.

'Tis wise, therefore, to live aright,
Already fixed, both day and night,
To leave this world of sin and woe,
So, mortal man, pay as you go.

ECONOMY.

A reckless, foolish, careless spending
Will bring a woeful, direful ending
To all weak mortals 'neath the sun.
Just give them time their race to run;
The end is bound to be the same,
If running like our head lines claim.

MORALITY.

I.

To be a human is a blessing,
If life of sin be destitute ;
But—O!—how sad, how all distressing,
To be a human, yet a brute !

2.

There is a life above the level ;
'Tis not beyond the reach of man ;
And yet we mostly serve the devil,
Instead of doing what we can.

3.

The greatest failure and disaster,
Of all mistakes while here below,
Is failure to have served the Master,
And in such state to judgment go.

KEEP OUT OF COURT.

I.

Keep out of court, keep out of court !
Let lawing be your last resort.
Just arbitrate or compromise ;
To do so is both good and wise.

2.

Two farmers had a fearful row
About a little brindle cow;
They lawed by night, they lawed by day,
They lawed their substance all away.

3.

One's name was "Bills;" the other's, "Macks;"
Their lawyers stood behind their backs
And urged them on to bite and scratch,
While there was money in the match.

4.

And then they laughed and said: "What fools
These farmers are, to be our tools
And go to law and have a row
About a little brindle cow!"

TO MY DAUGHTER, MAUD.

Let thoughts untrue from you be driven,
And let your love to me be given,
Since I have ever truly striven
To turn from you all earthly sorrows
And bring for you all sweet to-morrows
And lead you straight along the narrows

Of this old earth to find its bowers,
All kissed with sunshine, washed with showers,
Bedimmed with tears, bedecked with flowers—
A resting place, a passing dwelling,
Wherein our acts are ever telling
Our Maker what we are, and swelling
The record sheet of our probation
That shadows forth our destination,
Our banishment or sweet salvation.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

My aged mother, dear, behold!
To-day I'm two and fifty old.
How short the course of mortal breath—
To-day, its birth; to-morrow, death!

While you are going on before
To be with Jesus evermore,
I day by day come on apace,
Rejoicing in the Christian race.

How fast the time appears to fly
To aged folks, like you and I!
To backward look, how short it seems
When I, a boy, had golden dreams
Of future days and future joys,
Beyond the age of little boys—

Among the hosts of weak and strong;
Amid the surging of the throng
Of human souls in mortal forms;
Amid the sunshine and the storms
Of life upon this earthly ball,
Where Satan tries to catch us all!

How short the time appears to me
When I was dandled on your knee
And listened to the tales you told
About the mighty men of old—
Goliath, with his wond'rous spear;
Young David, bold, who knew no fear,
And killed the giant with a sling,
And soon became a reigning king;
Of Jesus Christ, who, from the skies,
Came down to banish from our eyes
All tears and grief, and, by and by,
To take us home with him on high!

And later in my boyish days
I well remember father's praise
Because I loved to read and store
My mind with what had gone before.

And how I used to kindly plead
To teach our colored folks to read,
And had my doubts from time to time
As whether slav'ry's not a crime.

And how Aunt Pol., the preacher's wife,
As long as she had earthly life,
Said I a preacher, too, would be,
And spread the holy gospel free.

And how I scaled the hills with ease,
And shot the game in mountain trees,
And with my heavy rifle gun
Had lots and lots of boyish fun.

And when the war came on apace
Through strife about the colored race,
Just how I, like a little fool,
Became a soldier and quit school.

It may be well to never grieve
O'er things not best, we can't relieve;
But those four years in war's array
Seem wholly lost, or thrown away.

But in the course of future years—
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears—
I'll work for Jesus and his cause
And keep upholding moral laws.

So, mother, when your life is o'er
And you have reached the golden shore,
Remember, I am in the race,
With heav'n the goal before my face.

That death and Hades can't deter,
Nor in the least cause me to fear,
Since Christ, the Lord, has gone before
And opened ev'ry closèd door.

TO MY SPIRIT SELF.

I.

O, my immortal spirit,
That within me lives, and thinks, and loves, and
hates,
And flies upon the pinions
Of sweet thought to heaven's own e'erlasting
gates,
Behold the world of mortals!
My companions on the road to heav'n or hell
Are careless of their future,
And for earthly joys their souls to Satan sell.

2.

Now, I would save these brethren
From the endless woes of hell's unseen abyss;
And, with the help of Jesus,
What poor mortal can refuse a work like this?
I see a way before us
That no evil being can begin to close;
So let us preach the gospel,
Though old Satan and all hell itself oppose.

3.

For angels are beholding

How we Christians bear ourselves while here below
And joyfully reporting

All the Christlike deeds along our paths we sow.
Then let us work for Jesus

And lay up our stores within the bank above ;
For there they will not canker,
But will last forever, shielded by God's love.

CHURCH SINGING.

1.

The Bible shows that we should sing,
And that with sense and human zeal,
Sweet praises to the Lord, our King,
And what we sing, fail not to feel.

2.

Some say we must not use an aid
To guide the pitch, or tone, of song ;
If use of instruments be made,
Such use is wrong, most clearly wrong ;

3.

While others say an instrument
Is but a means of help to man,
And there's no sense in banishment
Of using any good we can.

4.

Now, when the brethren sing a song
And start it from an organ tone,
Am I to say they're doing wrong
Because such plan is not my own?

5.

Or can they sing a song too well
When singing words to God above?
And must they shun the grandest swell
Of mortal tongues in praise and love?

6.

"O, surely not!" we all exclaim.
"Give God the best we have in store,
The sweetest lays the human frame
Can sound aloud the old world o'er."

7.

Hence, use of means to sing with ease
And lift the voice in lovely tone
Is no infringement, if you please,
Of any blessed scripture known.

8.

The Lord expected men of minds
To use their judgment day by day,
Since there are means of many kinds
To help us forward on our way.

9.

Some walk by light, some blindly feel;
Some show great zeal, some hardly try;
Yet Jacob's God has set his seal
That sinful man must do or die;

10.

Must act according to the light
The word of God makes known to man,
And not as seems to mortals right,
Because some love a human plan.

11.

Now, God has left us pow'r to use
An aid when heav'nly songs we sing,
Or not, as we may freely choose,
As did the chosen people's king.

12.

What matters it, just so we cry
With trust within the Master's name?
If round we move or prostrate lie,
Will not the prayer be all the same?

13.

Where God has left us free to choose
This way or that to do his will,
No mortal man should dare refuse
To leave us in this freedom still.

14.

Some things are fixed, and can't be changed;
And some are left to human plan.
Since God our lot has so arranged,
Beware, O you, contentious man!

15.

To make one's views upon this theme
Of Christian fellowship a test
Is selfishness in the extreme,
Beast-in-the-manger act at best.

16.

The only view that common sense
Can fully hold and recommend,
Is either way shall recompense
All who to God sweet praises send.

17.

But if an instrument you use
To guide the heav'nly tones of praise,
Do not this liberty abuse
By singing like *theater slaves*.

18.

For God looks at the heart of all;
He knows our thoughts in speech or song.
His church is no theatric hall;
To make it such is wholly wrong.

MY MOTTO.

I.

“Pay as you go” is my motto.

It helps me when I plow and sow,
It helps me when I reap and mow,
It helps me ev’rywhere I go.

2.

“Pay as you go” is my motto.

It helps me keep a full supply
Of merchandise the people buy;
For cash makes orders *come*, you know.

3.

“Pay as you go” is my motto;

For crops may fail for want of rain,
And trade may fail to show a gain,
And debts from hills to mountains grow.

4.

“Pay as you go” is my motto.

It saves the homes, the farms, the stores,
From blighting, eating, business sores—
The *debts* that never cease to grow.

5.

“Pay as you go” is my motto.

It helps me in all things of life,
And may save rations for my wife,
Should I be first to God to go.

A BIBLE RIDDLE.

1.

Great God made Adam out of earth,
But ere this time our kind had birth :
Hence, we were made before the man,
According to the heav'nly plan.

2.

And living creatures we became,
But Adam did not give our name ;
And yet a great and thinking mind
Was once within one of our kind.

3.

And when from thence that mind was parted,
We all remained as when first started ;
And though we travel night and day,
We always with our mother stay.

4.

Now, mortal man, can you declare
What kind of living things we are ?
In Holy Writ, this side the middle,
You'll find our name that solves this riddle.

5.

Go, search the Scriptures day and night,
And learn from them just what is right ;
For there you'll find a plan is giv'n
To save you Adamites in heav'n.

6.

Adopt the plan as God intended,
 And let your actions be amended ;
 If we had such a plan for bliss,
 We surely would not act amiss.

Yours truly,

.....

Find out what animals we are.

SOLUTION.

You are the fish species :

1. Because fishes were made before dry-land animals.
2. Because Adam named only dry-land animals.
3. Because the great mind, Jonah, was once placed within a fish.
4. Because fishes all remained as formerly, when Jonah became separated from the fish.
5. Because fishes swim day and night in the waters, yet always stay with their mother, as "the waters brought forth."
6. Because fishes are mentioned in Holy Writ this side the middle.

Now, I thank you, dear fishes, for so testing the biblical knowledge of people. If you had spirits to save and intelligence to guide and a plan of salvation, I think you would more generally obey it than do human beings.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF INFIDELS.

1.

The world is full of infidels, to some extent,
And yet by saying so, no harm to them is meant;
It is their good that makes us here this truth pro-
claim
And offer Bible words to clearly prove the same.

2.

Paul says things of the flesh are "strivings,"
"lusts," and "sects;"
Hence all denominations are, in some respects,
Sins of our fleshly minds, condemned by Holy
Writ;
If you believe Paul's words, you can't in *sectdom*
sit.

3.

God, in John's Revelation, has to us foretold
About one great apostate church God saw from old,
With many daughters fair, yet harlots all the same!
If you believe John's words, how can you share
their shame?

4.

The world is full of infidels, to some extent,
And yet, by saying so, no harm to them is meant;
We wish to save these mortals from the endless
night
By taking all the Bible, walking in its light.

'TIS SWEET.

1.

When all my trials of the day
Are gone and night has come,
'Tis sweet to prostrate lie and pray
To God, the Holy One.

2.

And---O!--how sweet it is to know
He hears my whispered love,
Though I am here so far below
The highest heav'n above!

3.

'Tis sweet to know, so sweet to know,
He loves me as his child,
And makes his good things round me flow,
Like zephyrs, sweet and mild.

4.

'Tis sweet to know God loved me so,
He sent his only Son
To fix a way that I may go
To heav'n when life is done.

5.

'Tis sweet to trust God's guiding hands;
'Tis sweet for him to live,
To heed all teachings and commands
His Holy Scriptures give.

6.

'Tis sweet to love him with a love
That makes it sweet to pray;
'Tis sweet to know his home above
Will be my home some day.

MANKIND.

O mortals all, bear well in mind
The vast importance of mankind;
Somewhat beneath angelic bands,
Yet, ruling all terrestrial lands,
As kings and queens upon the earth,
Made so to reign from time of birth
In Eden's land, from times of old,
As we in God's own book are told:
The grandest workmanship that Heaven
Has to all earthly regions given.

Mankind with minds so like the Maker,
That nothing lowly can be greater;
With pow'r to range in mental sway
Along the great white milky way;
And pass beyond sun after sun,
To realms of systems just begun.

Yes, pass on high to realms of light,
Where day ne'er ends, where comes no night;

Where angel bands in glory fly
Throughout the boundless God-built sky,
On tours of mercy, tours of love,
Proceeding from God's throne above,
And reaching all celestial space,
With God's sweet providence and grace.

Mankind with pow'r to rule and sway
A world, until the judgment day;
When we must give account to Heaven,
Of how we've used this pow'r God given.

So let us rule the world in love,
And imitate great God above,
Who sends his sunshine and his show'rs
On just and unjust, at all hours;
Thus giving all a chance for glory,
If we will heed the Bible's story,
And turn from Satan's combinations,
Of wicked men and wicked nations,
And live with God's elected band
Of pilgrims, on this earthly land.

Mankind with minds so great and grand,
That all our race should understand,
That we are kin to God of heaven,
And should therefore our actions leaven
With righteousness, and holy love,
All imitating deeds above,

So God will hold us in his hand,
And by his pow'r cause us to stand
Triumphant on that dreadful day,
When "heaven and earth" shall pass away,
And all things of an earthly kind,
Will be by flames of fire refined.

Mankind with pow'r in mind to roam
Throughout God's vast celestial home,
Or house of many mansions bright,
All shining with the brilliant light
Of million millions suns of glory,
Made known in astronomic story;
Revolving round the great white throne
Of heaven's King, to us made known
In Bible teachings, 'bout our race,
And God's omnipotence and grace.

Mankind with pow'r some time to reach
The joys of heaven, that good men preach;
Through love of Christ, the Lord of glory,
Revealed to us in Bible story.

For God above loved us so well,
He sent his Son to earth to tell
Us how to live, and how to die,
To fit our souls to live on high,
And fly with all the heav'nly bands
Of angels, through celestial lands,

From age to age, from time to time,
Forever 'mid that heav'nly clime
Of beauty, sweetness, love, and glory,
Foretold to us in Bible story.

O who would not a human be!
With such grand prospects as we see
The Bible holds before our face,
Through God's unending love and grace;
If we will but his children be,
All clothed with God's salvation free.
Salvation wrought for all mankind,
By God's own Son, of heav'nly mind;
Who came down from the realms above
To show our race that God is love,
And wants us all to live on high,
When these poor mortal bodies die.

O, then, how precious is mankind,
Made by the great and all-wise Mind,
A little lower in creation
Than that most grand, exalted station
Of heav'nly angels round the throne
Of King Immanuel, our own!

So let us all, without delay,
Seek out the one straight narrow way,
That leads from earth to lands of glory,
According to the Bible story.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

All glory to great God in highest heaven,
Peace on the earth, good will to men, be given;
For unto man through God's great love and favor
Is born to-night in Bethlehem a Savior.

So sung the angels, when the blessed Jesus,
The promised seed, Immanuel—God with us—
Was born on earth, to be the King of glory,
And save us, as made known in Bible story.*

Long, long! mankind had trusted, hoped, and waited,
The faith of some may have become abated,
Yet in the fullness of the time appointed
God sent his Son, the blessed Lamb anointed
To be a sacrifice for ev'ry sinner,
And let the plan of Heaven be a winner
Of souls to God, and everlasting glory,
Foretold by prophets in the Bible story.*

Four thousand years before this blessed singing
Was heard above the hills of Canaan ringing,
God promised man, the seed of Eve our mother
Should bruise the serpent's head, and then recover
The lost estate of man, by Adam's falling,
And by his sin his race henceforth enthralling
With death of body, since the tree left standing
'Mid paradise, was drawn from man's commanding.

* "Bible Story"—the Bible.

Sweet tidings of a promise long delayed,
When by a puny mortal man surveyed;
But when beheld by God, the King of space,
Four thousand years are but a small embrace
Of time, to bring about so great a plan
As God's salvation for the race of man;
Conceived before this grand old earth was made,
If not before our solar worlds were laid.
A plan so deep, far reaching, grand, and wise,
It called forth wonder 'mid the lofty skies,
Among the hosts of great angelic bands
Forever dwelling in celestial lands.

What was the plan, the uninformed inquires,
That fills the scales of justice, and desires
Of God for righteousness, throughout all space,
Mankind the object of this special grace?

Most wondrous is the answer, when 'tis told
Or written in characters bright as gold;
For 'tis no less a thing among the glories
Revealed to man in blessed Bible stories,
Than that the Father of the realms above,
Was for mankind so filled with holy love,
He gave his one begotten, only Son
To die a sacrifice for sin, as one
Of us the guilty, and by this one way,
God can forgive, and justice still hold sway.

Such was the plan, our human souls to save,
And bring our bodies from an earthly grave,

Since Satan in the earthly paradise
Caused Mother Eve to wish to be as wise
As gods, thus knowing good and evil too,
Perhaps she'd better know just what to do;
And hence she ate of that forbidden tree,
And took to Adam, that they both might see
How wise they would as gods at once become;
And thus the devil's handiwork was done.

God had foreseen that this would all take place,
Or could take place, since by his love and grace
Mankind and angels are all left to take
The way of righteousness, with heav'n the stake,
Or way of evil, with its certain ending
In banishment, from heav'n to hell descending.

Four thousand years the plan was under way,
The place was fixed, and God foretold the day
When heaven and earth should blend in one God-
man,
Man's Savior, in the wondrous God-made plan.

The uninformed may ask, and want to know
If all these things related, are just so;
What, then, became of all who lived and died
Before the Lamb of God was crucified?

The answer is at hand, and tends to show
How little scripture such weak mortals know;
For while there is but one great plan to save
The soul from hell, the flesh from endless grave,

Three dispensations of the one great plan
Were given to the fallen race of man.

The first was for the patriarchs of old,
And all the world for ages, just one fold
Of God's believers, trusting in the seed
Of Eve to come and save from human greed
To know the things the Lord had not revealed,
And had for reasons, kept from man concealed;
With sacrifice of lambs, bulls, one by one,
All shadows of the Lamb of God to come;
Yet blood of bulls and lambs could not remove
The sins of worshipers, but was to prove
Their faith and trust in God's appointed Savior
To come in later years, through God's favor,
And worshipers before the Savior came
Were by this plan accepted, all the same.

The second dispensation was for Jews,
And based upon the same delightful news
That God had promised man a mighty Savior,
Because he chose to grant mankind this favor.

Why, then, was made this second dispensation,
Made only for one special chosen nation?
The uninformed again are apt to ask,
To tell them is no Herculean task.

Know, then, O mortal men of worldly greed,
Too full of worldly gains, God's Book to read;
That God chose Abraham, by God's own favor
Through whom to trace the great redeeming Savior.

Hence all the Jews in time became a nation,
Fulfilling this most grand, exalted station.
And while salvation was through one great plan,
Then resting on God's promise, made to man ;
By Jewish worship, God arranged to show
In figures, better things of God to flow
To man, when God's anointed One has come ;
When all appointed worship shall be one.
Hence, from the Jewish worship we may learn,
Through types and shadows, things that now concern

All men of God alike ; for ev'ry nation
Must now obey the Christian dispensation.
No longer Jew, no longer Gentile man,
But all are one, according to God's plan,
Long, long ! in promise, made both good and true,
But now it is a fact, for me, for you,
And ev'ry one, in ev'ry distant nation,
Past things forecast the Christian dispensation.

Again the uninformed will want explained
The Christian world, as now by sects estranged.
One sect says this, another that, is right,
And all the sects are in one shameful fight
To spread and build their own peculiar bands,
In spite of God's well-known revealed commands.
Great God foresaw these things from days of old,
And hence, this state of things is all foretold.
Before Christ comes again, there was to be,
As Paul has plainly told, a great apostasy.

And John describes a great apostate band,
That claims to be God's church, throughout our
land,
With many daughter bands, and each lays claim
To be the church of God; sects all the same.
Of course to uninformed, this is a stumper,
And makes for Satan's cause, a mighty bumper;
And yet with ease we all God's church may find,
If led by truth, and not by biased mind.

Know, then, O mortal, who has passed the gates
Of all the human sects, with silvered plates
Upon their doors, to publish, claim, and hold
To be God's churches, from the days of old;
That God foretold just where his church should rise,
And spread among all nations, 'neath the skies.
Jerusalem, in Canaan's blessed land,
Was chosen, and by Christ's made-known command,
God's church could not at all elsewhere begin,
Because to disobey, would be a sin.
So, then, if you can find a church beginning
At old Jerusalem, and henceforth winning
Men's souls to God by telling them of Jesus,
The promised One, Immanuel—God with us—
Just like apostles told the heav'nly news,
Be seated, mortal, 'mong its blessed pews.

So when a preacher says to you, "O, brother,
Is not one church of God good as another?"

Say, "Yes," of course; but ask him to behold
The prophecy of God, through John of old,
That one great harlot church will surely rise,
Before the Lord's return from heav'nly skies,
"With many daughters fair, yet harlots all the
same,"

And whether he is sharing not their shame?
And, brother, you will down him, if he share
A man-made part of sectdom, here or there.
For Paul, you know, in holy writ declares,
Among some other wicked things and snares
Are parties; and he wrote these words to guide
Against apostasy, and human pride.

So when a preacher comes around your way,
And claims for God to measure and survey;
If he to God be only good and true,
He'll measure from Jerusalem for you.
But if he set his compass down at Rome,
His hearers should at once start out for home.
And should he measure from some modern town,
His hearers should most kindly ask him down.
To measure well is certainly an honor!
Start out, therefore, with God's beginning corner.
How can a preacher work for God of heaven,
Unless he works the way that God has given?
No other way than God's one way, is right,
No difference what the preachers say, in spite.
Of course denominations love their own,
And by denominations seeds are sown,

That make, sustain, and build and foster sects,
And yet, the preachers wear these party specks.
They will not preach against the party spirit,
But many teach that parties are of merit ;
So if one fail to like the Catholics,
The English Church may suit his politics.
Church membership seems but a thing of station
With most of men ; they act as though each nation
Could make its own religion, like its laws,
As though God had no hand in such a cause.
Yet prophecy will be fulfilled in time,
And God's own church united and sublime,
Through Christian pow'r, the world will rule in
 peace ;
And then religious sects will slowly cease.

According to the preachers of our day,
God sent them all to show the narrow way ;
And yet, they differ widely in their teaching,
Most clearly having human guidance, preaching ;
While God's Book shows that truly called to save,
Preach only what the Holy Spirit gave.
So there is no worse slander flying round,
Than God approves of all religions found
Among denominations of our day,
From Popedom down to nasty Mormon way.
Old Satan has no doctrine in our land,
And being given out from preaching stand,

That's worse than these false words of many preach-
ers,
Not fit to live, and much less fit for teachers,
"That God has built the churches of our day,
So ev'ry man can have his own sweet way."

CREATION.

In ages unrevealed and known to none
Except the great Elohim, Godhead, one
In pow'r and action through all empty space,
Before there ever was a world, or race
Of beings, other than the great First Cause,
Elohim—God, the source of nature's laws,
Revealed to us as *three* at work as *one*;
Creation was conceived, and then begun,
By God the Father, and by God the Son,*
And God the Holy Spirit, *three as one*
In all creation, great and grand and wise,
Beginning *being* of the heav'nly skies;
And all things that exist in distant space,
The worlds, the suns, the bright angelic race;
This world of ours with mountains, hills, and plains,
In fact, all things the universe contains.

Admit existence of an all-wise Pow'r,
From all time past to now, our own sweet hour,

* The Son under the Christian dispensation, but the Lord Jehovah at the time of creation.

And ev'rything existing in all space
Can be accounted for through pow'r and grace
Of God, the great and self-existent Cause
Of all creation, and existing laws.

All matter could in time have flown away
From God, as microscopic mite or ray
Of light flies off from ev'ry flaming sun
For ages, yet with pow'r as first begun ;
Or as effusive odor from the trees
Is wafted sweetly on each passing breeze.
For ev'ry form of living structure throws
In space a substance ; and that of the rose
Will make a nice and delicate perfume,
And hence, our reason says, we may presume
That matter is an essence from the Pow'r
Of all life forms, from ages to this hour.

Our mighty God the universe created,
But nowhere in his Book is it related
He made it out of nothing. Human creatures
With judgments very much beneath their features
Have taught this folly of the unbelieving
Their own misguided minds, themselves deceiving.

All life requires a form of living structure,
And ev'ry life must have a plan of nurture,
And ev'ry nurtured thing in God's creation
Throws matter out in space, an emanation

From out itself, this is the rule prevailing,
The bark of God must, then, by it be sailing,
And God is no exception to his ruling,
All things, then, came from God, must be our
schooling.

THE SPHERES.

O mortal man of swiftly passing years,
Lift up your head, behold the heav'nly spheres,
In motion all, ten thousand thousand moving trains
Amid the endless cycles of our God's domains.
All heav'n ablaze! ten thousand thousand orbs of
light!
That guide all righteous spirits in celestial flight;
While earth beneath this mighty starry work of
God,
Shoots forth ten thousand thousand beauties from
its sod
Which clearly God's sublime existence demonstrate,
In spite of atheistic thought, and demon hate;
For ev'ry blade, and ev'ry leaf, we may conceive
To be a witness, *God exists*, as we believe.

WILL YOU COME TO THE LORD WHILE YOU MAY?

Music—"SWEET MARIE" with additions.



Will you come to the Lord while the time is call'd to-day,



Take his yoke learn of him and o - bey;



Will you turn from the world to the one appointed way,



Will you come to the Lord while you may.

CHORUS.



Will you come to the Lord, will you come and o - bey,



Will you come to the Lord right a - way;

NOTE.—The above song was made while riding along the road in Mississippi, near Ballardsville.

Will You Come to the Lord While You May?



Will you come to the Lord while the time is call'd to-day,



Will you come to the Lord while you may?

2.

All the angels behold while you longer stay away,
 And the Lord bids you come and obey;
 Will you come while the light from the Bible shows the way,
 Will you come to the Lord while you may?—CHORUS.

3.

Christ the Lord has established the one great narrow way,
 'Tis to love him as God and obey;
 Earthly life is but short, and it quickly flies away,
 Will you come to the Lord while you may?—CHORUS.

4.

All the brethren are waiting to welcome mortals home,
 And the Bridegroom and Bride both say come;
 Dangers lurk all around while you sinners longer roam,
 And the Lord's work to save you is done.—CHORUS.

HOME OF THE TRUE.

Music—"OFFICERS' FUNERAL" with some changes.



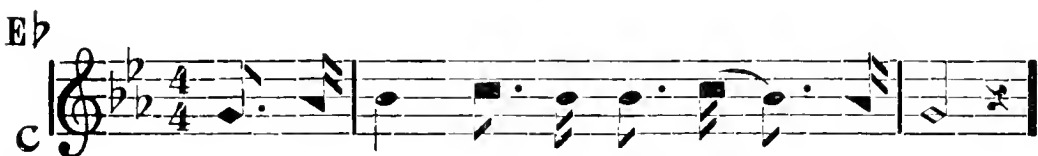
Let us stand on the earth as a moun-tain



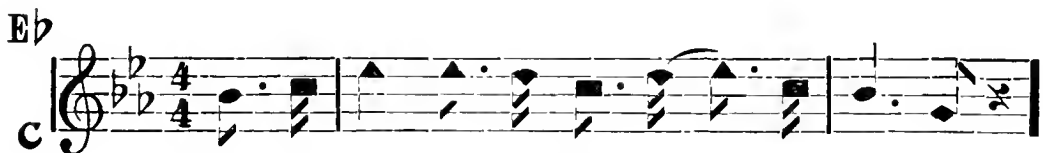
Let us look o'er the riv - er of death;



Soon, full soon we shall pass through this fountain,



Soon, full soon we shall breath our last breath.



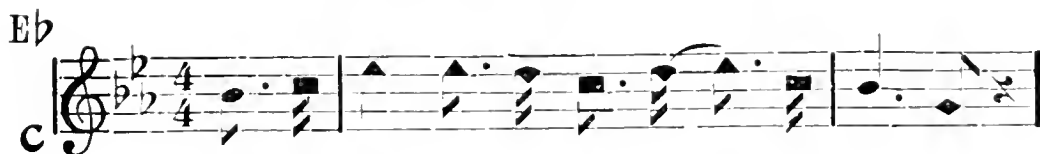
Let us learn of the plan of sal - va - tion,



As designed by our Fa - ther in love;

NOTE.—"The Home of the True" was composed while riding along the road in Tennessee; and the author considers it the best song he ever composed.

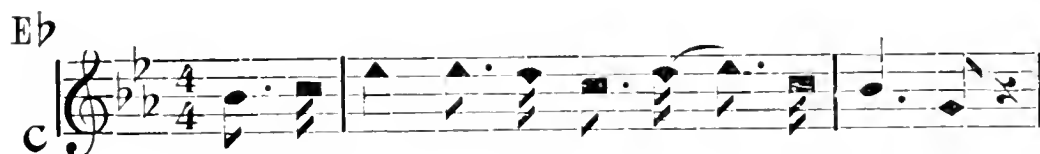
Home of the True.



Since this world is a place of pro - ba - tion,



And the home of the true lies a - bove,



Since this world is a place of pro - ba - tion,



And the home of the true lies a - bove.

2.

Let us learn of the Lord by the wonders,
 That around us in beauty abound;
 And to fashion our lives by the orders,
 In the midst of the Bible are found.
 Let us count on our lives as eternal,
 For 'tis only the body that dies;
 And the pow'r of the Serpent infernal,
 Holds us not from a home in the skies.

Home of the True.

3.

Let us look far beyond our surroundings ;
 To the realms of the bright angel race :
 And in thought fly away through the soundings,
 Of the ocean of God's endless space.
 Let us lay up on high all our treasure,
 Where the moth and the rust don't consume ;
 For 'tis there we may live on forever,
 In the glory of heavenly bloom.

4.

All the joys of this earth are as vapor,
 Which the rays of the morning dispel ;
 But the Lord has extended his favor,
 And invites us to heaven to dwell.
 Hence, we all should accept God's salvation,
 And should make not a longer delay ;
 But attend on to-day's invitation,
 And set out on the straight narrow way.

5.

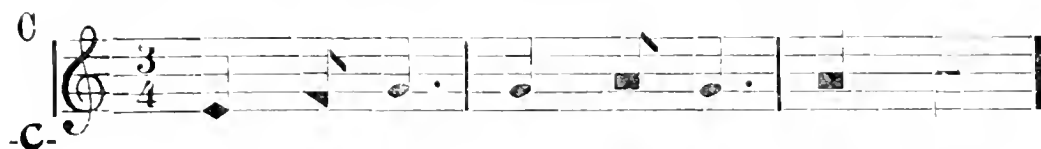
Therefore come to the Christ, blessed Jesus,
 Take his yoke, learn of him, be at rest ;
 For his yoke is a gem that should please us,
 'Tis the key to the realms of the blest.
 Hear ! O hear ! heaven's call sinful mortal,
 Do not cast such a jewel away ;
 For you may enter death's awful portal,
 Ere the dawn of another bright day.

6.

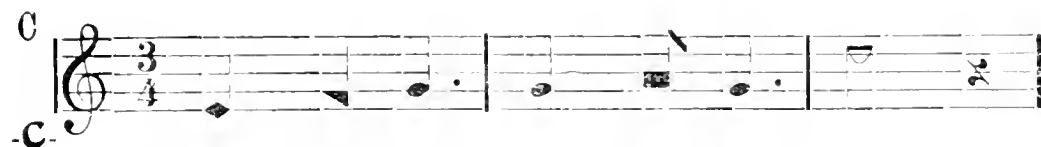
Should you live all the days you can hope **for**,
 Still the time of departure is nigh ;
 And this life must be counted a failure,
 If you be not prepared when you die.
 For the Lord has a plan of salvation,
 'Tis the gift of the Father we love ;
 And this world is a place of probation,
 Since the Home of *the True lies above*.

IN THE WAY.

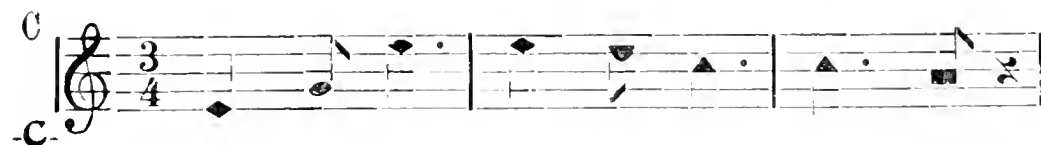
Music—"THE VACANT CHAIR" of old war memory.



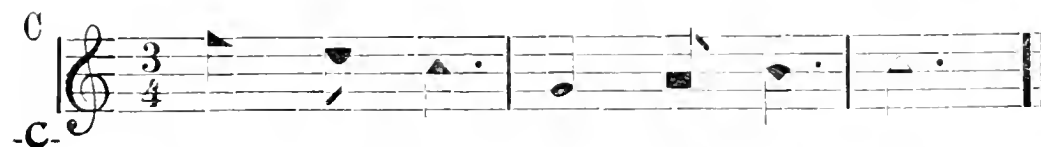
In the way, O Mas - ter, guide me.



While these earth - ly tri - als last ;



Shield me from the darts of sa - tan,



'Till this low - ly life be past.

2.

Dangers great are all around me,
Satan wants me led astray ;
But the ever blessed Bible,
Guides me safely in the way.

3.

On right hand, on my left hand,
Satan's by-ways are in view ;
But the ever present guide-board,
Keeps me in the pathway true.

NOTE.—This song was composed while going from West Point to Waynesboro, Tenn.

In the Way.

4.

Looming brightly far before me,
 In my mental visions lie ;
 Mansions lovely, mansions holy,
 Mansions for me in the sky.

5.

Onward ! onward ! upward ! onward !
 Be the watch-words of my soul ;
 Never falter, never waver,
 In the struggle for the goal.

6.

Jesus, Master, I am coming !
 Watch me, help me day by day ;
 Satan cannot stop *my running*,
 While I journey in *the way*.

7.

In *the way* then Master keep me,
 Ever in the blessed way ;
 Save me from the *traps* of Satan,
 Planned to lead my soul astray.

8.

Help me love thee, help me serve thee,
 Help me watch, and help me pray ;
 Help me Master, ever help me,
 Help me onward, *in the way*.

LAY OF THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

Music—"BOWER OF PRAYER."



O sor-row on sor-row has fall-en to me,



The vis-ions on Pat-mos, fore-warned me to flee;



A-way from the dragon, all cov-ered with blood,



A-way from the riv-er, poured out like a flood.



Poured out like a flood.

Lay of the Church in the Wilderness.

2.

In mountains and caverns, for years I must hide,
While flood of the dragon, rolls on in its tide ;
The bride of the Saviour, is driven to share,
The home of the wild goat, and cave of the bear.

And cave of the bear.

3.

Religious confusion, o'ershadows the land,
And soul-traps of Satan are baited at hand ;
The army of midnight, is fighting for sway,
And angels of evil are leading the way.

Are leading the way.

4.

Old Satan as martial, is guiding the van,
With cunning deception, and wisely laid plan ;
To capture the soldier, of even the Lord,
On duty unguarded, unarmed with the word.

Unarmed with the word.

5.

Confusion confounded ! is raging abroad,
Confession ! opinion ! and multiplied fraud ;
Supplanting the Scriptures, as given to man,
And calling attention, to *humanized plan*.

To humanized plan.

6.

The simple old gospel, as spoken by Paul,
No longer suffices, to satisfy all ;
And human inventions, around me abound,
And little true worship, remaining is found.

Remaining is found.

Lay of the Church in the Wilderness.

7.

Contention and hatred, are running at large,
 Old Satan has preaching, at Babylon's charge ;
 While soldiers of Jesus, are lonely and sad,
 Surrounded and hounded, by all that is bad,
By all that is bad.

8.

And wolves in sheep's clothing, have entered the fold,
 Mere hirelings of Satan, just working for gold ;
 Not loving the brethren, not heeding their needs,
 But causing divisions, and wranglings and creeds.
And wranglings and creeds.

9.

While other weak mortals are honestly blind,
 And working for Satan, with body and mind ;
 In building inventions, constructed of sand,
 Just human devices, that never can stand,
That never can stand.

10.

As touching religion, each clan loves its own,
 And seeds of divisions, by preachers are sown ;
 While tares of the Devil, out number the wheat,
 And strive for a level, with Christians to meet,
With Christians to meet.

11.

The scarlet dressed woman, is riding the beast,
 Her daughters are having, a mighty love feast ;
 And Satan is laughing, much pleased with himself.
 For laying *true worship*, away on the shelf.
Away on the shelf.

Lay of the Church in the Wilderness.

12.

The blood of the martyrs, from mountain and glen,
Is calling for vengeance, on wicked church men ;
Who make it a business, of killing the true,
As visions of Patmos, foretold they would do.
Foretold they would do.

13.

And visions of Patmos, predicted the shame !
That murders by thousands, would come in the name ;
Of Christian religion, through going astray,
From heaven's own teaching, the one narrow way.
The one narrow way.

14.

How long shall that *monster*, Paul's bad man of sin,
Remain in the temple, of God among men ?
How long shall the nations, obey him as God ?
How long shall he trample, the rights of the Lord ?
The rights of the Lord ?

15.

Time, times and a half time, the answer is told,
By prophets in visions, God gave them of old ;
So I will return from my hiding away,
When rule of the dragon, has had its last day.
Has had its last day.

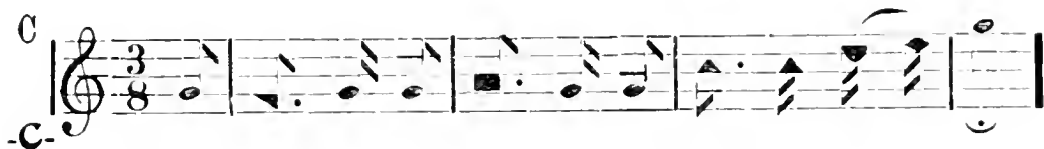
LAY OF THE CHURCH OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.



The flood of the drag - on has passed to the rear,



The bride of the Sav - iour a - gain shall ap - pear ;



The tri-umph of Je - sus, is clear - ly at hand,



For Bi - bles are scat - tered, all o - ver the land.

2.

Yes, morning is dawning, just over the way,
And darkness is flying, away from the day ;
True soldiers of Jesus, are calling aloud,
Away with confusion, come out from the crowd.

3.

Unite on the Bible, and honor the Lord,
By being a soldier, as taught in his Word ;
Just simply a Christian, like brethren of old,
Opposing division, among the Lord's fold.

4.

Preach only the gospel, as spoken by Paul,
No added amendments, can satisfy all ;
And every endeavor, at work of this kind,
Is aiding confusion, and *blinding the blind.*

Lay of the Church out of the Wilderness.

5.

Besides the old gospel is good as it's old,
And needs no amendments, to make it pure gold,
As coined by the Master, it can't be improved,
And saves all the mortals, who by it are moved.

6.

Away with your wranglings, away with your names,
Away with your tanglings, and other like shames ;
Unite on the Bible, the creed of all creeds,
And show your religion, by doing good deeds.

7.

All loving the brethren, because you are kin,
And rescued by Jesus, from Satan and sin ;
Rejoicing together, a host of the Lord,
Sustaining each other, as children of God.

8.

All working for Jesus, with motives of love,
All guided by wisdom, revealed from above ;
While angels beholding, the trend of your way,
Before you see coming, the glory of day.

9.

O children of Jesus, of every known name,
Come out of confusion, be brethren the same;
No one for Apollos, and no one for Paul,
But each one for Jesus, and God be for all.

10.

'Tis Satan who's teaching confusion to man,
And causing division, and wrangling and clan ;
The Master of heaven, one highway has laid,
But willy old Satan, the by-ways has made.

Lay of the Church out of the Wilderness.

11.

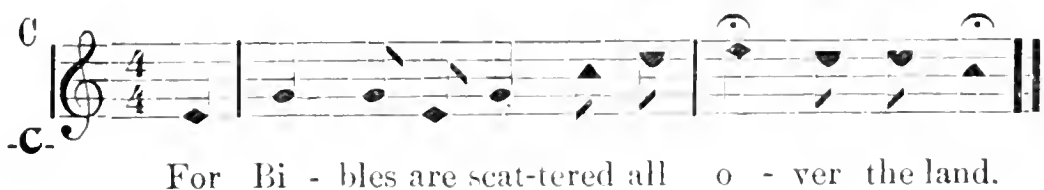
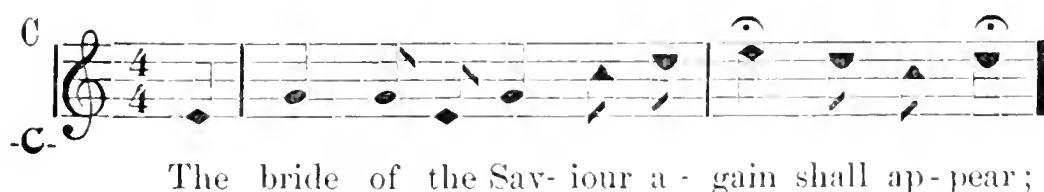
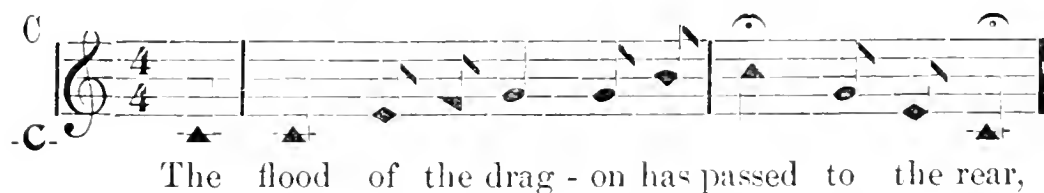
The plan of salvation, you have as a gift,
Come! take its provisions without a makeshift;
The highway to heaven is narrow and straight,
And entered by mortals, through only one gate.

12.

So children be watchful, and armed with the *word*,
And walk by the gospel, the *torch* of the Lord;
The by-ways of Satan, let others pursue,
The *old way of Jesus*, for Christians will do.

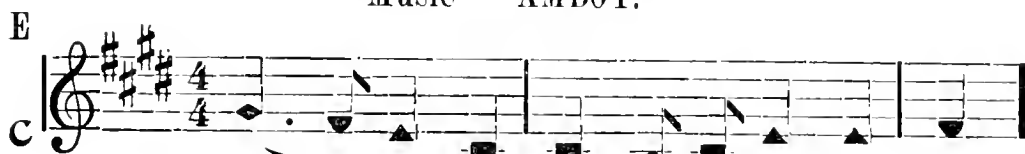
LAY OF THE CHURCH OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

The author's favorite tune for these words.



THE LAND I LOVE AND ITS KING.

Music—"AMBOY."



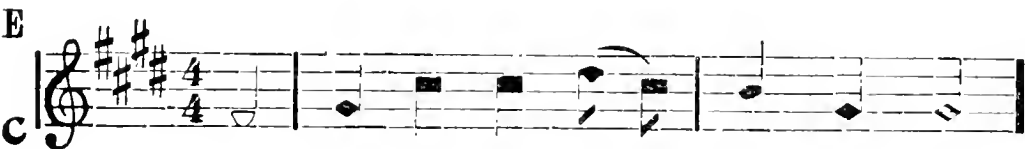
{ This world is not the land I love,
It lies be-yond the dark-some cloud,



I seek a land far, far a-bove : }
That rolls a - loft, and thun-ders loud : }



It lies be - yond the gen - tle moon,



That makes the night for - sake its gloom ;



It lies a - mid the e - ther blue,



A land for me, a land for you.

The Land I Love and its King.

2.

The King thereof is good and wise,
His law upholds the lofty skies ;
And from his throne extends afar,
And guides the outmost twinkling star :
Controls each world, and makes it run,
Around its own appointed sun :
He's Lord of heav'n he's Lord of earth,
He gave to all creation birth.

3.

The universe is all his own,
And all that is, to him is known ;
His righteous eye sees all that's done,
In heav'n or hell, on world or sun :
There's not a thought, there's not a word,
Indulged by man, by God unheard ;
The softest breathings of the soul,
To him as peals of thunder roll.

4.

At his command the angels fly,
Throughout the endless star lit sky ;
And even to this mundane sphere,
They come and help us year by year :
Amid the sunshine, 'mid the gloom,
They watch us journey to the tomb,
And if in Christ our race we end,
Their shouts of joy to heav'n ascend.

5.

O how I long to dwell on high,
And leave this world where all must die ;
Up there it's life, eternal life,
But here it's death, and woe and strife.
Help me O Lord to act aright,
And save me from eternal night,
Protect me while on earth I roam,
And when thou *will*, O take me home.

I WILL DIE FOR YOU.



How we love to be-hold all nature, Space worlds and suns;



They im - part pleas - ing thoughts to mor - tals,



And fill our minds with peace : And make our hearts re - jice!



Bid our souls hope to live, When this life is gone.

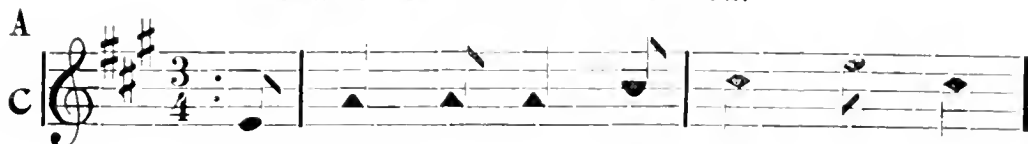
2 We can trust in the Lord our Saviour,
Who made these worlds ;
For he came down to earth from heaven,
To make our peace with God :
And suffered in our stead,
Saying to human souls.
I will die for you.

3 Who can love with a love that's greater?
We all answer none ;
Than the Lord proved he had for mortals,
Upon the Roman cross :
Such love is wonderful !
Wonderful ! wonderful !
And is heaven-born.

4 Blessed Lord we will serve you ever,
Yes, through all time ;
Nothing shall come between, nor sever,
Our hearts from Christ sublime :
Who came down from the skies,
Saying to fallen man,
I will die for you.

HOME IN GLORY.

Music—An old ballad revised.



{ This world is not the land I love,
It lies in re-gions far a-bove;



I seek a home in glo-ry ; } O glo-ry ! O glo-ry,
Revealed in Bi-ble sto-ry. }



Our Saviour came from realms above, To take us home to glory.

2 Lord Jesus came and showed the way,
To reach his home in glory ;
And asked us all to come and stay,
And live with him in glory.—CHORUS.

3 Come sinners come, do not refuse,
This blessed home in glory ;
Christ loves us all and bids us use,
His own sweet home in glory.—CHORUS.

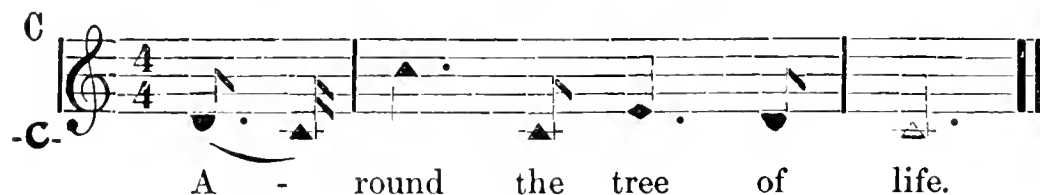
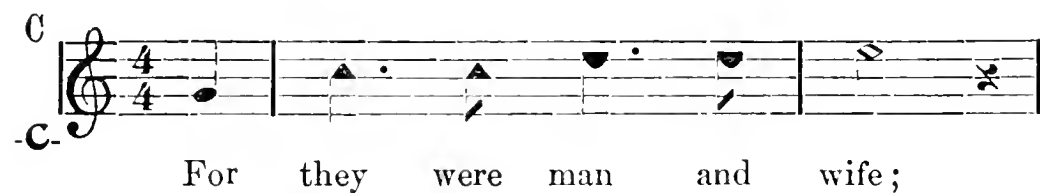
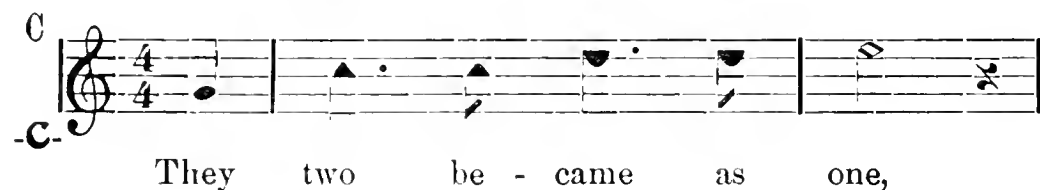
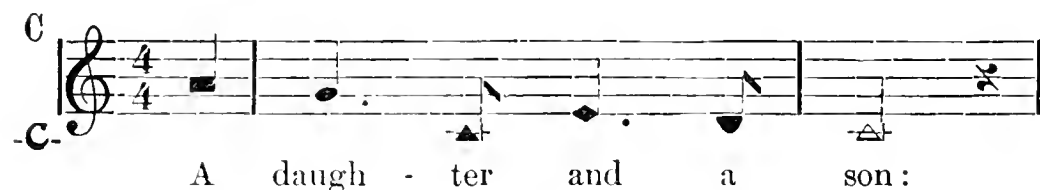
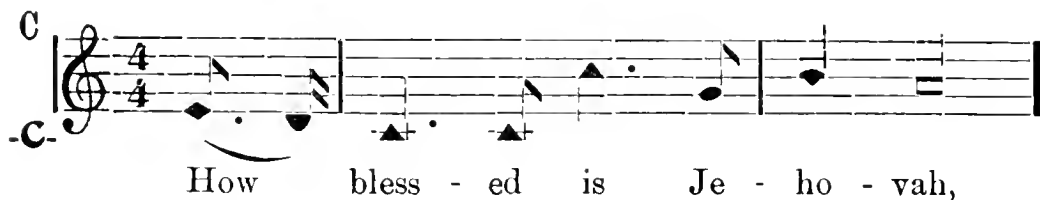
4 Come let us walk the narrow way,
That leads us home to glory ;
This way is plain as seen to-day,
Laid down in Bible story.—CHORUS.

5 The Bible is the blessed light,
That guides us home to glory,
Then let us read it day and night,
While on our way to glory.—CHORUS.

6 And as we journey day by day,
To reach our home in glory ;
Tell all our friends about the way,
That leads us home to glory.—CHORUS.

THE STORY OF EDEN.

Music—"ANNIE LAURIE."



The Story of Eden.

2.

So happy were these mortals,
 That God himself was pleased ;
 But, old Satan came with falsehood,
 This happy pair to grieve :
 And lying did deceive,
 So they were led awry,
 Eating of the tree forbidden,
 And now we mortals die.

3.

But glory to Jehovah,
 Who ne'er forsakes his own ;
 For, at once he gave the promise,
 A Saviour should be known :
 And mercy should be shown,
 To Adam and his wife ;
 Giving mortals hope of heaven,
 Beyond this earthly life.

4.

This promise has been fulfilled,
 On resurrection morn ;
 For, Lord Jesus rose triumphant
 O'er Satan's pow'r and scorn :
 O'er Death's restraining form,
 And all the dead shall rise,
 Upward from the earth to judgment,
 Amid the starry skies.

5.

O let us praise our Saviour,
 Who loved mankind so well ;
 That he came down from the heavens,
 To save our souls from hell :
 And let us ever dwell,
 On worlds of light and love ;
 Roaming Eden, heav'nly Eden,
 God's paradise above.

THE OLD BALLAD OF ANNIE LAURIE.

Corrected, and one new stanza added.

1.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
 Where early *forms* the dew ;
 And, 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
 Gave me her promise true :
 Gave me her promise true ;
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and die.

2.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
 Her throat is like the swan ;
 And, her face, it is the fairest,
 That e'er the sun shown on :
 That e'er the sun shown on ;
 And dark blue is her eye ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and die.

3.

Like foot-steps 'round the dying,
 So fall her fairy feet ;
 And, like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet :
 Her voice is low and sweet ;
 She's all the world to me ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and die.

4.

Like angels live in heaven,
 So dwells she on this earth ;
 And, her goodness like a leaven,
 Pervades her ev'ry breath :
 Pervades her ev'ry breath ;
 There's none so fair to see ;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me down and die.

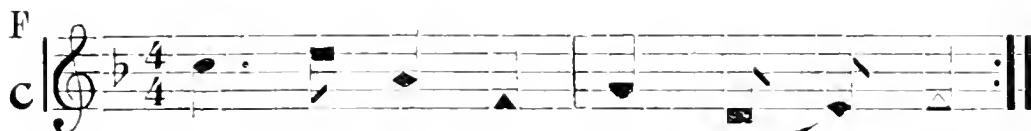
NOTE.—The changes and added words are printed in italics ; and the changes were made—because dew does not fall, but *forms*, nor can foot-falls be compared to dew on the ground lying.

MOTHER IS DEAD.

Old tune of "OLNEY."



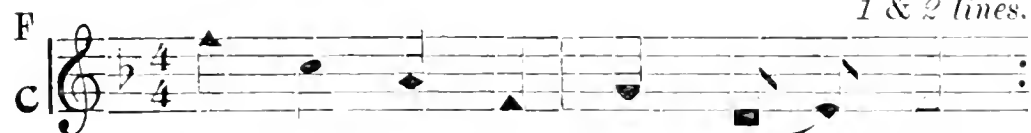
Yes they tell me that my moth - er,
That she's gone on to an - oth - er;
That he's car - ried by the an - gels,



Is no lon - ger in this land;
Where the an - gels have com - mand;
To the realms of par - a - dise.



For we know that Je - sus tells us,



When a right - eous mor - tal dies;

2 Now my mother was a soldier,
Of the blessed Lord we love;
Hence her death was but the passage,
To eternal life above:
While on earth we were together,
There was love between us two;
And the deeds I did for mother,
Were the things I loved to do.

3 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
All are subject to be lost;
But to lose our precious mothers,
Seems to hurt us mortals most:
Let us live in hope of meeting,
All our lost ones gone before;
In the realms above, and greeting,
Friends and kindred ever more.

MISSEY PAYNE.

Music—"IRISH FAVORITE" somewhat changed.



{ It was sum - mer when flow - ers
That a sol - dier on horse - back,



are all grow - ing and bloom - ing,
and just rid - ing at leis - ure,



Sweetly, 'neath the warm rays of the bright glowing sun ; }
Glad-ly met a sweet maiden, out walking for fun. }

CHORUS.



And her cheeks were like ro - ses, all bloom-ing



in the morn - ing, When the sweet dew - s of



heav - en, are at rest on their leaf - lets ;

Miskey Payne.



And may drop from them load - ed, with most



fine scent - ed fra - gran - cy, All per - fum - ing the



earth, where they hap - pen to fall.

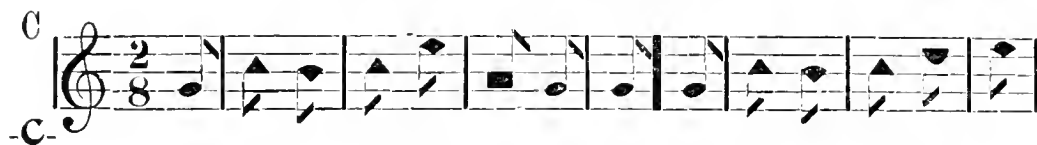
2.

It was evening when cool winds, are so pleasantly blowing,
 When the birds on the trees, fill the wildwood with song;
 When the herds of the dumb brutes, all go home worldly low-
 ing,
 That she came like an angel so sweetly along.—CHORUS.

3.

She had hair that was flowing in long curls to her shoulders,
 While her face was aglow, with the sparklings of glee;
 For she was the most charming, and most lovable woman,
 That it ever had been, his good fortune to see.—CHORUS.

SIXTEEN TO ONE.



We are a na-tion strong and bold, We came from ev-'ry land,



And from the knowledge learned of old, We took our hu-mane stand.

CHORUS.



Six - teen to one! Six - teen to one!



Six - teen to one! Is just the way it's done.

2.

The great Creator made this world,
And all that we behold ;
And placed within the mountain range,
The silver and the gold.—CHORUS.

3.

Our fathers made our coinage low,
And when the work was done ;
It proved to be without a flaw,
It said sixteen to one.—CHORUS.

4.

But in the course of father time,
The money power bold ;
Secured the law we call a crime,
And made our measure gold.—CHORUS.

Sixteen to One.

5.

And ev'ry thing the farmer owned,
At once began to fall ;
And if we do not change this thing,
The rich will own us all.—CHORUS.

6.

But God will raise us up a man,
Most truly good and bold ;
And when we make him President,
We'll get the law of old.—CHORUS.

7.

We made a fight in Ninety-six,
And with a mighty hand ;
So prick your flints and keep in fix,
And by our colors stand.—CHORUS.

8.

To crucify the working man,
Upon a cross of gold ;
The rich have vainly formed a band,
As it can never hold.—CHORUS

9.

For ev'rything the farmer owns,
Has fallen down so low ;
'Tis hard to make a living now,
Behind the plow and hoe.—CHORUS.

10.

And debts are hard again to pay,
In corn, or wheat, or rye ;
Old England gets two bushels now,
For what *one* used to buy.

Sixteen to One

11.

The farming man is slow to learn,
 That he's the gold man's slave ;
 But when he shall the truth discern,
 He'll dig the gold man's grave.—CHORUS.

12.

This fight is on, and on to stay,
 Until the masses rule ;
 Our mighty States can legislate,
 Without a foreign tool.—CHORUS.

13.

The *burden* of protective tax,
 That benefits a class ;
 Can never bring conditions back.
 That help us as a mass.—CHORUS

14.

The cause of all depression now,
 And change from times of old ;
 Is rating all commodities,
 Alone by precious gold.—CHORUS.

15.

Corruption reigns throughout our land,
 Our ballot seems for sale ;
 But Democrats will take a stand,
 And right will yet prevail.—CHORUS.

16.

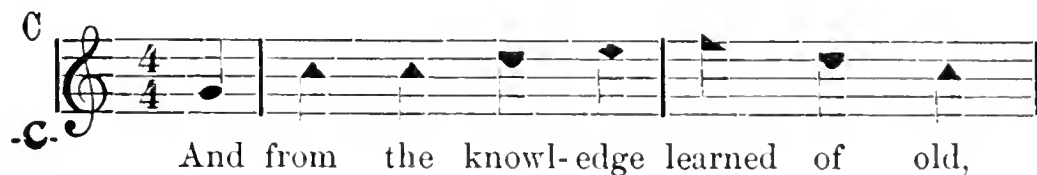
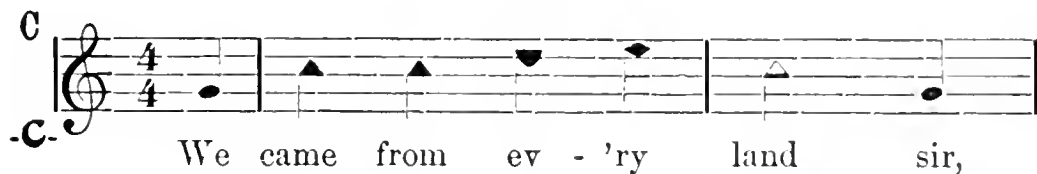
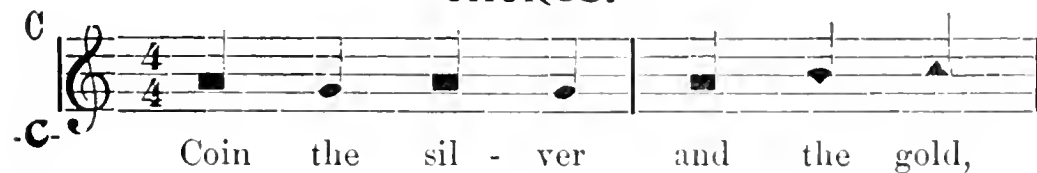
For Trusts can't run this government,
 While *working* men can vote ;
 Just now they have their *gold bug hands*,
 On Uncle Sammy's throat.—CHORUS.

17.

But by and by you'll hear the cry,
 From mountain, hill and plain :
Vote down the gold bug Octopus,
And let the people reign.—CHORUS.

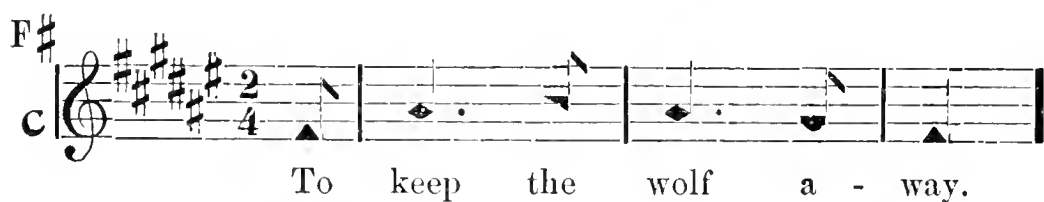
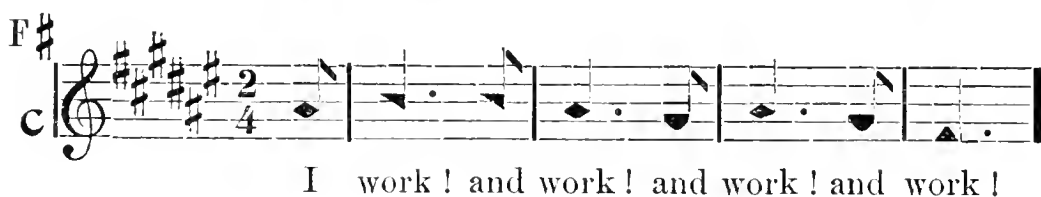
BIMETALISM.

Music—"YANKEE DOODLE."

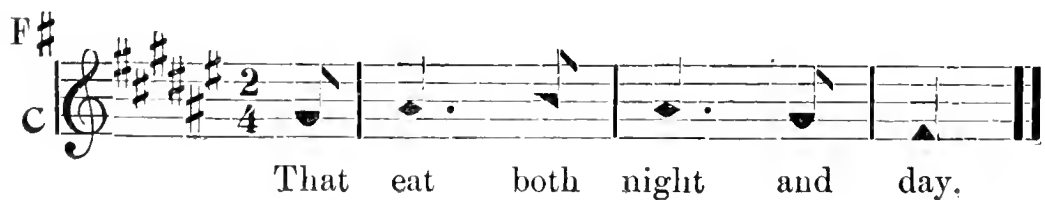
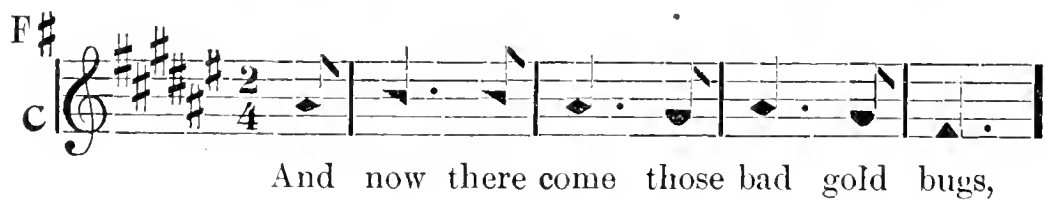
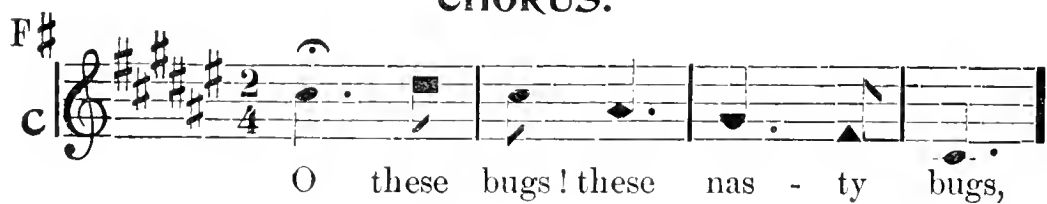
**CHORUS.**

NOTE.—Words to above music same as "Sixteen to One," only add on sir, to end of every second and fourth line, and use the above chorus. Both songs are so long that it is sufficient to use the chorus with every two or three stanzas.

THE GOLD BUG.



CHORUS.



The Gold Bug.

2.

My apple trees were all in bloom,
 And lovely to my sight ;
 But some mean bugs soon came along,
 And now they have *the blight*.—CHORUS.

3.

My cotton fields were very fine,
 Until that fatal day ;
 The boll worms came along to dine,
 And settled down to stay,—CHORUS.

4.

Tobacco plants were very good,
 Their leaves were broad and green ;
 But by and by there came the fly,
 And now the stems are seen.—CHORUS.

5.

I plow and sow, and reap, and mow,
 Do all the good I can ;
 If bugs would let my *farm truck* grow,
 I'd be a useful man.—CHORUS.

6.

A gold-bug man came 'round one day,
 And said he'd lend me gold ;
 If I would give a Deed Of Trust,
 Upon my land to hold.—CHORUS.

7.

Now while I am somewhat behind,
 I'll skimp and try to save ;
 For I am not at all inclined,
 To be a gold-bug's slave.—CHORUS.

A FEW GOOD THINGS.

Cunningham's Ear Ache Cure.

Take warm water, half gallon, blood warm; and gently throw it into the aching ear, holding the head so the water can run out. The cure is certain in about one minute. You do this with a soft rubber syringe.

Cunningham's Pile Cure.

Take blood warm water, half a gallon, and with a rubber syringe, throw the water into the lower bowel, and discharge it a few times; and the patient becomes easy. Then take an ounce of vasaline and mix with it one fourth ounce of calomel, and anoint lightly the inflamed parts. Keep up this treatment until well.

Cunningham's Great Health Tonic.

Take one-eighth of an ounce of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic; one fourth of an ounce of powdered Peruvian bark, one-fourth of an ounce of Carbonate of iron; put these into a one pound bottle, and fill it with pure, undiluted, medical alcohol. Shake before using. Dose before meals—two tea-spoonfuls in five times as much sweetened water.

Cunningham's Rheumatism Cure.

Take half gallon good ripe Polk berries, cook them about twenty minutes, strain and sweeten the juice, and mix it with pure alcohol equal parts. Dose one to two table spoonfuls before meals.

Cunningham's Catarrh Cure.

Take blood warm water, mildly salt, wash your face in it, and snuff it up your nostrils. Also use a rubber syringe and wash the nasal passages with warm, salt water at least *once* every twenty-four hours. Keep up this treatment until cured.

Cunningham's Indigestion Cure.

First, use regularly my great Health Tonic ; then keep the liver and bowels normal by using at night one or two Lapactic Pillules. And if you have Heart-burn, use Soda Mint Tablets. This treatment well followed will cure any cureable case.

TO THE READER.—These Prescriptions are worth more than the price of this book. They are gems of value. Do not hesitate to use them.

Yours,

Joe A. Cunningham.

Do you want "The Blue and The Gray?" If so send your order to the author, Joe A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., care of The McQuiddy Printing Co. The price is 50 cents single copy, postage prepaid. By the dozen \$4.50, the purchaser pays the express. By lots of 1,000, \$300 purchaser pays the freight. If you want a traveling agency mention what states you want to travel. Agents will be permitted to make contract for 1,000 books, and have 100 shipped out at a time. Cash or check must accompany all orders. Make the checks payable to my *Printers*, The McQuiddy Printing Co.

Yours Truly,

Joe A. Cunningham.

Are you a merchant? If so I want you to send me orders. I have been traveling commercially for 30 years, I represent:

1st. The W. S. Riddle Notion House of Nashville, Tenn. One of the *cheapest* and *best* Notion Houses in the United States. Our prices are net and cut down from regular prices about 15%. Address your orders to me, and the envelope to the firm.

2nd. The Rankin & Snyder Hard-Ware Co., of Louisville, Ky. One of the very best Hard-Ware Houses in the country. Address your orders to me, and the envelope to the firm.

3rd. The O. K. Stove and Range Co., of Louisville, Ky. One of the very best establishments of this kind to be found. Address your orders to me, and the envelope to the firm.

4th. The Cincinnati Glass and Crockery Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Of all places in the United States to buy Queens-Ware and Glass-Ware in open stock, this firm ranks as one of the very best. Address your orders to me, and the envelope to the firm.

5th. The Herkert & Meisel Trunk Co., of St. Louis, Mo. One of the best Trunk and Valise Factories in the United States. The White Trunk and Bag Co., of Nashville, Tenn. One of the cheapest Trunk Factories it is possible to find. Address your orders to me, and the envelope to the firm. Do you ask how I can keep up with so many lines? The answer is, I have been in business all my life except the time spent in the great war, and have learned to sell anything and every thing.

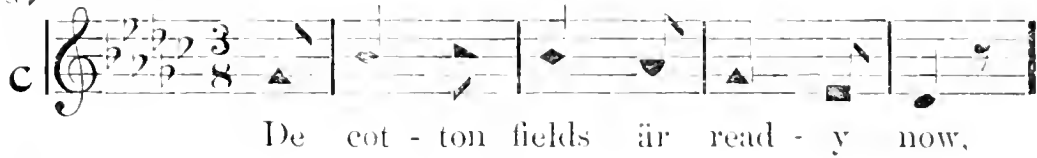
Joe A. Cunningham.

NOTE.—I have two or three books of "Lectures on Biblical Subjects" to follow the publication of the "Blue and Gray:" the first volume is ready for my printers.

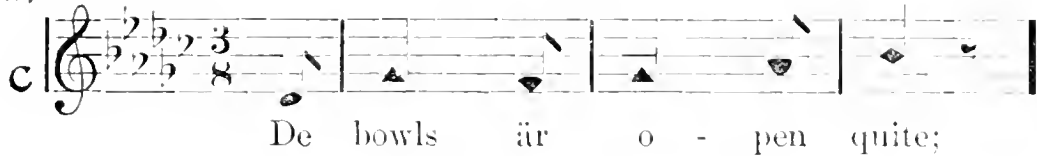
J. A. C.

DE COTTON FIELDS AR' READY NOW.

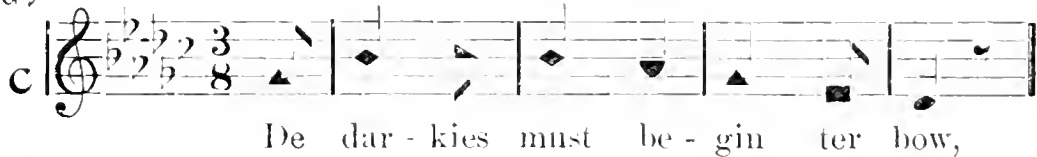
G♭ For one voice.



G♭



G♭



G♭



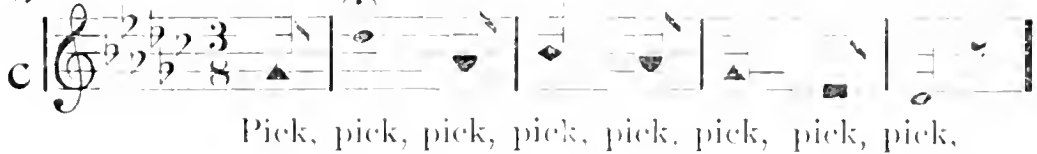
CHORUS. *G♭ For all voices singing.*



G♭



G♭



G♭



De Cotton Fields Ar' Ready Now.

2

Our Sarah Jane must hab a dress,
 And Mary Ann a sacque;
 And shoes must come for little Bess,
 And coat and pants for Jack.—CHORUS.

3

Our pappa Ben must hab a hat,
 And mamma needs some hoes;
 And dar's no end to dis and dat,
 To keep us all in clothes.—CHORUS.

4

Our meat and bread supply is low,
 Our coffee-can is light;
 So darkies do not work so slow,
 When hunger is in sight.—CHORUS.

5

If we will work from year to year,
 And buy a little farm;
 We would not hab so great a fear,
 Dat we may come to harm.—CHORUS.

6

How sweet 'twould be a home to own,
 In Dixie's sunny land;
 Dis joy to us may soon be known,
 If we'll togeder stand.—CHORUS.

7

Our pappa Ben and little Jack,
 Would stay less time in town;
 To such a home dey'd hurry back
 And pile de bought things down.—CHORUS.

8

O let us work togeder den,
 And build a paradise;
 Widin some bright and flow'ry glen,
 Beneaf our Southern skies.—CHORUS.

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



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